The Living Age

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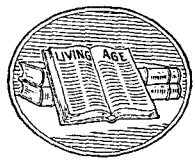
From Beginning



Vol. 13
Eighth Series

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GERMANY EXPLAINS

I

PRINCE MAX'S STATEMENT

[EDITORIAL NOTE: The late Imperial Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, intended to render an account of his conduct of the Imperial administration in the Upper Chamber of the Parliament of Baden. He cannot carry out this plan, because the Parliament will not be summoned again. Under these circumstances the Prince has permitted the publication of his proposed address in the *Preussische Jährbucher*.]

I FEEL that I ought to render an account of what occurred during the historical weeks that lie immediately behind us, while I was responsible for the direction of the Imperial Government. Such an accounting must be made to the whole German nation, but above all, to the people of Baden, for I know how many of my fellow countrymen are burdened with the painful question: Did a son of our own homeland possibly have it in his power to save the German nation from the indescribable suffering that it is now enduring? You can well imagine that I have asked myself this question day and night. I wish to answer it here as I have answered it to my own conscience.

When I was summoned to Berlin I already knew the seriousness of the situation. Our offensive had failed. The enemy was advancing victoriously. The war was lost. The only thing to be attained was to rescue our people from worse consequences. I saw one small way to escape, which must be tried. To be sure, chauvinist passion controlled public sentiment in all the hostile countries. The men who hated Germany most held the reins of government in England and France. The war had become a war of vengeance. But there were strong influences working in another direction, and those seem to have found a powerful leader in President Wilson. The working people of both England and France endorsed Wilson's programme. In England, above all, influential circles existed, who believed that the honor of their nation demanded that it should be just to its enemy. To these people a League of Nations seemed the great immediate object of the war and the only hope for the restoration of human weal. That was likewise my faith — a faith to which I had endeavored to give testimony by word and act throughout the war. My name was associated with conciliation. I undertook to form a ministry constituted, so far as possible, of men whose humane sentiments were equally well known and trusted.

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The programme of domestic reforms, which I presented to our party leaders, was in sum the following:

There must be only one controlling power in the Empire, and that must be a government based upon the confidence of the peoples' representatives.

I wished to prevent breaking away from tradition and violently rending asunder the threads of our national life. I regarded it an important part of my task to rescue what was good in the previous epoch for the use of the present. The traditional authorities were to be induced to subordinate themselves voluntarily to the new government. The necessity of a violent revolution was not obvious, providing the German nation was afforded a free opportunity to realize its aspirations in a constitutional manner. I desired to assure it this free opportunity. Above all, I considered it my duty to prevent Germany's being delivered helpless into the hands of predatory and revengeful enemies by reason of its own internal dissensions.

I was not able to realize my objects in respect to either domestic or foreign policies, and I desire to explain what, in my opinion, prevented this.

My peace policy was disarranged by the proposal for an armistice, which was laid before me in final form when I reached Berlin. I opposed this measure for reasons of practical policy. It seemed to me a great mistake to accompany the first peace steps of the new government by such a surprising confession of German weakness. Neither our own people nor our enemies at that time appraised our military situation in a way that justified such a desperate step.

I made a counter proposal, that the government should present a precise and detailed programme of war aims as its first act, and that this programme should proclaim to the world our full accord with President Wilson's principles, and our readiness to make great national sacrifices to attain these principles.

The military authorities replied that it was no longer possible to wait for the effect of such a statement. The situation of the army demanded an armistice proposal within twenty-four hours. If I did not take this action, the old government would be forced to do so. Thereupon, I decided to form a new government, in order to support the armistice proposal that had now become inevitable, with the influence of a fresh administration unburdened by the prejudices of a previous policy. A week later the army authorities admitted to me that they had been mistaken in their appraisal of the military situation on October 1.

The effect of the armistice proposal justified my worst fears. A wave of arrogance swept over France and England. Many supposed supporters of a conciliatory peace went over to a policy of a peace of force and revenge, and demanded continuing the war until Germany was crushed and had experienced the horrors of invasion in its own country. Those who previously had been the exponents of European conscience were silent. In America, public opinion swung over toward the Republicans, who were opposing Wilson's peace policy. Everywhere our armistice proposal was considered as an indication of our imminent collapse, and it created a great temptation to prolong the war. This explains the dilatory tactics of the Entente governments. The Allies continued to increase their demands for material guarantees before they would conclude an armistice. Lloyd George congratulated himself on this policy with cynical frankness: 'I delayed specifically our conditions to Germany in order to take the ground from under the feet of our enemy and to make him helpless.'

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President Wilson himself demanded increasing constitutional guarantees for the permanence and the genuineness of the Democratic system. After his first two notes we received reliable information that he would consider it a real guarantee, corresponding to the demands of the German Reichstag majority, if the power of the Kaiser were reduced to that of the King of England. But, on account of the threatening growth of Republican chauvinist sentiment shortly before the election, he injected the question of the Kaiser's abdication into public discussion. He was no longer satisfied with being convinced personally of our sincerity. But he wished to show a sensational victory for his diplomacy in order to control the chauvinism in his own country.

The effect of the armistice tender upon the Central Powers was, if possible, still more ruinous. It precipitated separate action by our Allies. All the considerations that conscience and loyalty demanded were cast aside as soon as their friend was found to be powerless. Our own people were seized with despair and impatience.

We experienced a complete moral collapse. To be sure, we were forced to admit to ourselves after Austria's defection that further resistance gave no promise of success; but we should at least have impressed upon the enemy the possibility that there were demands against which we would fight even though our cause was hopeless. This was the advice that friendly neutrals repeatedly gave us: Do not deprive the friends of peace in the countries hostile to you of their last effective argument — in other words, that there are limits to German concessions.

German national pride was undermined. It were a miracle had it been otherwise after the nameless sufferings and disappointments of four years of warfare and the misuse that had been made of our patriotism for improper ends. Indeed, this miracle did occur among our soldiers in the field. To be sure, disorganization and despair appeared even among them, but in the crisis there were always heroes among our soldiers and officers, who led forlorn hopes as bravely as in the days of our victory, because they knew that everything depended upon keeping the enemy out of our own territory until the armistice was signed. Many of these heroes did not live to see the armistice. Although we may be able to explain so satisfactorily what happened back home, our gratitude to these dead heroes will always contain an element of painful humiliation.

I will now try to point out the rocks upon which our domestic policy was shipwrecked just as we thought we had entered the harbor safely.

We succeeded in erecting a civil government with complete authority. The legislative reforms which were carried out were not in themselves the most important factors in this transformation. We deprived irresponsible and oppressive masters of their authority. We were making rapid progress in abolishing the illegal dictation that competed with the government itself. Those that did not yield voluntarily were thrust aside. At the first direct conflict of authority General Ludendorff yielded. At the second he resigned. Much remained to be done, but the time was very short.

Thereupon the abdication question was broached by President Wilson. I considered it my duty to keep the Kaiser continually informed of the national and international significance of his abdication. In my opinion, only his voluntary retirement would save the Empire from serious disaster. We must not misinterpret the Kaiser's hesitation. There were powerful influences at work trying to convince him

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that his abdication would be the signal for the dispersion of the army in the field.

As I saw the danger of civil war approaching after the events in Kiel, I sought an interview with Representative Ebert on Thursday, and informed him that I proposed to visit headquarters that same evening. He promised to do all in his power to have his party and the people at large await the results of my visit. However, the same evening Messrs. Scheidemann and Ebert brought me an ultimatum of the Social Democrats, which forced me to hand in my resignation. For that ultimatum implied the defeat of my policy, which was not to force but to persuade.

You will spare me the task of detailing all the steps which I took after requesting to be relieved of office. They all had but a single purpose — to insure that the revolution, which had become inevitable, should not be accompanied by civil war.

I do not wish to pass judgment upon those who brought about the revolution and supported it. I believe to-day that the popular will might have been realized without violence through a constitutional convention. The latter had become inevitable after the collapse of Austria. I cannot free myself from the thought that perhaps our workers and soldiers would have been patient for twenty-four hours more, if their own leaders had made the necessity of maintaining intact the front at home as clear to them as it was to the soldiers in the field that they must maintain intact the front opposed to the hostile armies. If that had happened, we should not have had the collapse of the government a day before the armistice was signed.

The revolution is now irrevocable. A tremendous responsibility rests in the hands of the new administration. It can rescue us, or it can destroy us as a nation.

I have learned to know Imperial Chancellor Ebert as a man of the purest intention, who is conscientiously convinced that Germany can meet its international obligations only as a united people. The government may preserve us from civil war if it is true to Democratic principles, and its first and immediate duty is to provide a legal foundation for its authority by calling a constitutional convention. The German nation will not tolerate usurped authority. The people freed themselves from the dictatorship of Ludendorff when they created a popular government on October 3. They will not tolerate another dictatorship by a minority group. But it would be a disgrace for Germany if the enemy, which will deal only with a legally constituted German government, should be obliged to compel us to call a constitutional convention.

The government should not let the initiative in this matter be taken from its hands. If it follows Democratic precepts, it may rest assured that support will flow to it from every camp to aid it in its superhuman task.

External discipline has broken down. But there remain universal loyalty to our own people and that voluntary self-discipline which springs from such loyalty. This loyalty is the only thing that has saved us from hostile invasion in the West. It is the only thing that can save us again from civil war, anarchy, and the temptation to become brutes.

There is still another demand that we must make of the government at this hour. We can no longer think of armed resistance to the conditions imposed by the enemy. But there is such a thing as moral resistance to injustice, and those who in the past have opposed Germany's injustice to its enemies, should be the first to oppose such injustice to Germany itself. Our foes should

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be made to realize the outraged sentiment of the whole German nation, and if the government feels as the nation feels, it should say so frankly.

In the preliminary negotiations between Wilson and his allies, Wilson won a verbal victory. The Allies nominally accepted the Fourteen Points. But the latter have won the actual victory over Wilson. The armistice conditions have been dictated in the spirit of secret diplomacy. Behind those conditions does not lie the ideal of a League of Nations, but there lurk the moral standards of robbery and military glory and preparation for future wars. The peace of Brest-Litovsk is certainly not one to be imitated, but it is a peace of conciliation compared with the violence which it is proposed to do to the moral rights of Germany.

On October 22 I stated that the ideal of a League of Nations was now being subjected to its greatest test. If the armistice conditions of the Entente are imposed, the League of Nations is dead before it is born. Its fundamental idea demands that no nation shall be dragged to the conference table in chains, but that it shall be free to comply with the new order of its own free will. The conditions which the Entente has imposed upon us make us defenseless, no matter what injustice may be done us, and are intended to deprive our nation of the ability to heal its wounds. The retention of our prisoners as hostages contradicts the sentiment of soldierly honor, and finds its precedents only in the brutality of ancient barbarism.

Do not think that the voice of the German nation finds no responsive echo elsewhere to-day. Justice — justice even for us — has defenders in every country; but those defenders can accomplish nothing if we ourselves accept humiliation with subservience as if it were our just desert.

I will close with the words which a soldier has just written me:

'Heaven preserve Germany from emerging from this war without a character.'

The Preussische Jährbucher

II

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG SPEAKS

I AM grateful to you for giving me an opportunity of speaking of the Bavarian publications as to the origin of the war. I have at least as much interest in establishing the truth as the Bavarian Government. But it appears to me that if one wants to arrive at the truth, one ought not to pick out fragments and draw general conclusions from them, as a portion of the press is doing, as far as I can see. The Bavarian Government's publications, up to now, relate solely to the Austro-Serbian conflict and our attitude towards it; consequently, do not take either the general situation, or the events connected with the conflict with Serbia, into consideration. Let me point out the determining lines, so far as this is possible in a short interview, and without the help of the documentary material. It is perfectly true that we agreed with Austria when she announced that action against Serbia was necessary, after the Sarajevo murder, and that we also expressly stated that we were prepared to carry out the obligations of our alliance, in case further warlike complications should result from the action against Serbia. Therefore, we have never said, or in any way suggested, that Austria's action had taken us by surprise, consequently not by pointing to the Emperor's Scandinavian trip, and the Chief of the General Staff and the War Minister's absence on leave. We were not, indeed, aware of the text of the ultimatum before it was sent. The assertion to the contrary is incorrect; at all events, as

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far as I am personally concerned. I also considered the ultimatum too strong, when it subsequently came to my knowledge. In the course of events our policy took this view of mine fully into account. More of this later. First, as to the reason for our attitude towards Austria's action against Serbia. What was the general political situation? No one will dispute to-day that, since 1871, France's high policy had been firmly directed to the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, and that of Russia — with particular intensity since the Japanese war — to supremacy in Constantinople. In pursuing these plans, Russia systematically tried to undermine Austria-Hungary's position in the Balkans, with the help of Serbia. Both Powers were pursuing aims which could only be realized by war. In their joint policy both Powers had England's avowed support. It is obvious that this situation became increasingly perilous for Germany, the more her Austrian ally's position was weakened by Serbia's intrigues, carried on with Russian help. It must be remembered that President Wilson's great programme of a conciliatory League of Nations, which even now still awaits its realization, had no acceptance, at all events at that time, and that national self-limitation, in the interest of the maintenance of peace, was not in any way regarded as a general precept of international morality; that, on the contrary, to many, unrestrained will for power was a virtue, and war a loyal method of putting it into practice. I think the Russo-Japanese war, the Boer war, and the Italian war in Tripoli are classical instances of this. Germany had to reckon with this state of affairs, if she was to appreciate the importance of the Serbian intrigues against Austria rightly. And that was the reason, the only reason, why Germany agreed to the action against Serbia. If Austria-Hungary passively tolerated being further undermined, Germany had to look forward to a state of affairs in which, alone and, as it were, friendless, she would have to face France's *revanche* policy, supported by the Russian alliance and English friendship. How little we intended to let loose a general war is shown by our whole subsequent attitude. I may briefly recapitulate the main points.

Our efforts to localize the Austro-Hungarian conflict was certainly not a mistaken idea; Sir Edward Grey had himself adopted and supported it most energetically. Our intention was frustrated solely by Russia, who considered herself entitled to bring the dispute before her Forum. We then tried to mediate between Vienna and Petersburg. You will remember that, in the first instance, England proposed a conference for this purpose, but then expressly associated herself with our proposal of a direct exchange of opinion between Vienna and Petersburg. You will further remember that we strongly urged the Vienna Cabinet to smooth over the misunderstandings which had arisen between it and the Petersburg Cabinet, and gave it to understand in the clearest imaginable way that we were certainly prepared to fulfill our obligations as allies, but must refuse to be drawn into the world conflagration by Austria through disregard of our advice. Do you think that one uses such language to one's ally, one's only ally, and at the same time wants a war which one cannot fight without this ally? Finally, you will remember how, in consequence of our efforts, the conversation between Vienna and Petersburg was started, when, suddenly, contrary to the assurances we had been expressly given, Russia mobilized her whole army. That this general mobilization was war, the war an all-powerful party in Russia wanted — well, I think after the revelations of the Sukhom-

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linov trial, that no human being can doubt that any longer. Those are facts which nothing can alter. To saddle us with the blame for the war is to pronounce enemies innocent who pursued joint plans for decades, which they could only realize if war broke out, but who object to our rising up in arms against them. That is not fair; it is unfair.

How is it that, in spite of these facts, of which I have repeatedly spoken in the Reichstag, almost the whole world has come to believe in Germany's guilt? I will say quite frankly what I think about this too. I long for the day to come when I can contribute to bring about the victory of truth before an impartial court of justice, which ought certainly to have all the material from both sides at its disposal. Whether the Bavarian Government has been right in choosing the present moment for its publications, I cannot judge, for I am not aware of their motive. I am afraid that only confusion can result from one-sided and fragmentary publications, and I doubt whether it is right to rouse passions at this moment when we are to approach peace. For this reason, I will not speak now, for my part, of the astonishing propaganda with which our enemies have understood how to discredit us throughout the world by a mixture of truth and untruth, and to represent themselves, on the other hand, as the exclusive unselfish champions of all great and noble human ideals. I will rather speak quite frankly and soberly of our own share of blame for the world-wide disaster.

First of all, a short word about Belgium. It is well known how the unfortunate position of constraint and distress, brought about by our marching into Belgium, gave us the reputation of being barbarians, and led to our being credited with the blame for the war. I spoke frankly and straightforwardly about Belgium on August 4. You know how, later on, what I said then was accounted to me as a crime by a large section of our public opinion. I still abide by every word I said then, and have nothing to add.

Then Alsace-Lorraine. President Wilson, as is well known, demands, in his Fourteen Points, reparation for the wrong done to France by Prussia, in 1871, in respect of Alsace-Lorraine, which, as the President expressed it, had unsettled the peace of the world for almost fifty years. A discussion of whether Germany acted wrongly in making her annexation of 1871, or whether that annexation is to be judged from the standpoint of international right and wrong similarly to the innumerable annexations our present enemies have made in the course of history — discussion of this would perhaps hardly be profitable now. The President's words, however, clearly express the recognition that it was in practice France's aspirations to the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine which allowed the world no peace during the last half century. Where I think we were to blame was in not having understood how to treat Alsace-Lorraine in such a way as to make its inhabitants gradually forget the change in their political nationality, and at the same time prevent the feeling from gradually taking form, as it has done, in many parts of the world, that we did a great wrong in 1871, a feeling which was certainly not general in the year 1871, particularly in England and America. In the history of the world England's example has often shown how the violence of conquests is gradually forgotten.

Above all, however, we must admit that by failings in our national character, and faults in our general behavior, we contributed to the warlike tension which pervaded the political atmosphere, not in the last decade

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alone. Words were repeatedly uttered which might be interpreted as a provocation. Pan-German agitations did us great harm, both at home and abroad, and, above all, the so-called fleet policy led us into disastrous antagonisms. To this may be added a variety of shortcomings in our domestic policy.

Excuse me from finding further fault with our own flesh and blood, at a moment when we stand defenseless after our troops' heroic fight of four and a half years, and when powerful internal convulsions make the national organization tremble. Just as I have outlined only the main points of our enemies' responsibility, so also with regard to our share of the blame. Let history judge.

Only those have a right to live who can and do look the truth fearlessly and clearly in the face. We will be frank as regards our own guilt, but, however hardly fate may have hit us, it shall not wrest false admissions from us. We are no Pharisees, but neither are we slaves. Precisely in the deepest misfortune we retain the firm will to coöperate even in the very difficult future, in the great tasks of humanity, which the world-wide disaster of this war has written in letters of blood on the firmament. We shall only be able to do it if we hold our own now and in future, free from the dross of the past.

The Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung

III

ZIMMERMANN'S DEFENSE

We were, as a matter of fact, of opinion that with the Sarajevo murder Austria's hour of fate had struck. Her internal position had so deteriorated in the course of years that the neighbors in the south and east were already contemplating the possibility of the complete decay of the Danube Monarchy, and discussing quite undisguised claims to territory. The Serbian documents which have been published during the war prove that for years past Russia had promised the Serbian Government the acquisition of portions of Austrian and Hungarian territory. Austria-Hungary's position as a Great Power was seriously imperiled by the Pan-Slav intrigues. It was obvious that Germany could not remain indifferent to this danger, which threatened the Central European Alliance; it was well known that the balance of power in Europe had already long since shifted to our disadvantage, as we had to reckon with a group composed of three powerful States who were bent on repressing German influence.

That Austria-Hungary should defend herself against the Greater Serbian intrigues, which led to the Sarajevo murder, was not only her right, but was also in the interest of sounder conditions in Europe. Austria-Hungary tried to achieve this, and particularly to restrain the Greater Serbian propaganda, by a rearrangement of the conditions of power in the Balkans, which she hoped to bring about by drawing Bulgaria into the Triple Alliance instead of Rumania, who had become uncertain. These ideas and aims were discussed in a letter from the Emperor Francis Joseph to the Emperor William, and in a memorandum attached to it. Both were handed to the Emperor William by the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador on July 5, 1914. A copy of them was at the same time handed to the Foreign Office by the bearer, Count Hoyos. These are the facts which have given rise to the much referred to legend of the Crown Council in Potsdam.

A telegram I drafted, in accordance with instructions from the Imperial Chancellor, to the Ambassador in Vienna, von Tschirschky, throws light on the answer given to Count Szögyény. It is among the Foreign Office docu-

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ments, and, so far as I remember, was to the following effect:

> The dangers of the Pan-Slav agitation were also recognized in Germany. With certain reservations the admission of Bulgaria to the Triple Alliance would be agreed to. Efforts in Bucharest were being contemplated in order to retain Rumania in the Alliance, and rid her of the dangerous Serbian propaganda; the adoption of an attitude towards the conflict with Serbia was refused. It was insisted, however, that Germany would be true to Austria-Hungary, conformably with the Alliance and the old friendship.

After this it will hardly be possible to speak of unlimited discretion having been given to Austria-Hungary, as the Bavarian report represents. We did not advise, much less goad, Austria-Hungary into her action against Serbia, and, on the contrary, merely refrained from expressly advising her against it. Our attitude appeared what the duties of our alliance and the world-political situation dictated to us, and I am convinced that the great majority of the German critics of this policy would have acted, at that time, just as the Government acted, after conscientious examination of all the circumstances in question.

The text of the ultimatum to Serbia had not been fixed at that time — at all events, we were not aware of it. Therefore, I doubt my having informed the reporter of the demands quoted in the Bavarian Legation's report. For the rest, as far as I remember, we expressly refused to adopt any attitude towards a formulation of the demands made of Serbia. As the Foreign Office records should show, the Austro-Hungarian ultimatum to Serbia, which we considered too sharp from every point of view, was only communicated to us from Vienna so late that it was no longer possible for us to work in the direction of moderating it.

What trouble we took subsequently to try and localize the conflict between our Allies and Serbia is generally known. Our efforts would probably have been successful if England had asserted her great influence in Petersburg as energetically as we asserted ours in Vienna. Then, finally, the Russian general mobilization, which was precipitated by '*Gewalt*' politicians in Petersburg, who were longing for war, frustrated our efforts.

Germany must, after this, repudiate the responsibility for the development of the Austro-Serbian conflict into a world war. The publication of one-sided statements cannot be regarded as a suitable method of throwing light on the question of blame. This applies particularly to the subjectively-colored passages in the Bavarian report, the author not having really been sufficiently intimately acquainted with the events to give an objective and reliable portrayal of what occurred. It will only be possible to establish the historical truth if the material relating to all the belligerent Powers is conscientiously submitted to a State Court of Justice, or, better still, to an International Court of Arbitration. An inquiry into the question of blame by an impartial court of this kind would assuredly only be welcomed by all the German statesmen who are now suffering from serious suspicion.

The Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung

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FRANCE MARCHES TO THE RHINE

BY GABRIEL HANOTAUX

A GREAT, a very great leader said to me, 'It is fitting that a French historian should witness the crossing of the Rhine by soldiers of France.' It was at once an invitation and a command. I took my departure. Thanks to the generous facilities afforded me, I made the difficult voyage. At Metz I found everything ready and Commandant Henri Bordeaux commissioned to be my guide.

We cross the frontier, leaving behind us the desolute scene of war, and arrive in that laughing valley of the Sarre which assumes a look of tranquillity and civilization in measure as it recedes from the war zone. We advance towards the Wald, towards the hilly region of Hundsrück. We descend into little valleys, we climb hills. Night falls. The shadows thicken, the horizon closes, we do a hundred kilometres in the dark. The headlights shine ahead on the uninjured street, no more jolts or bounces; on and on goes the motor car.

Now houses begin to come thick and fast, a suburb, factories, chimneys still smoking, ateliers in which we see the silhouettes of men working behind a fire screen, wide streets.

Suddenly we arrive in a square full of light; the gleam of gay shop windows pours forth upon the sidewalks, a crowd gathers about the halted motor. Some are curious, some make advances, some are complacent. In a word, a city full of life, animation, and industry, it is Sarrebrüch; we are having our first contact with war-time Germany. We are frankly surprised. The contrast is too violent; we have left the death of the front behind us and found life once more.

But many kilometres yet remain to be covered before we shall reach our shelter. The motor car plunges into the night again. Narrow valleys, high hills, barred horizons. Our motor hums. Now we run alongside a huge convoy; now the beams of our lights reveal a poilu hunting for his quarters; then night again, the road, the hills, sentinels at barriers, cities, villages, towns, substantial and calm. A barrier rises before us; suddenly it falls, opens. A town with its lamps turned down. Kaiserlautern. We reach the quarters of the staff. Welcomed with the greatest friendliness by one of the noblest figures of the French army, we may begin immediately to note our first impressions, to ask something about the first contact with the enemy.

Commander-in-chief and poilu give us the same answer — their reception of the French is not hostile; our arrival is rather a relief for them. They were afraid of a revolution. But under their reserve hides a hidden something. Is it hostility? Embarrassment? It is perhaps an attitude of waiting. They are willing enough to have us come, and are, in a fashion, prepared to model their behavior on ours. Listen to the discourse pronounced here this morning by the bürgermeister. The discourse is a good one, skillfully *put together*, as they have it, but it is a little too much *put together*. The Mayor says, 'We will concern ourselves with giving you satisfaction, although we

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have suffered greatly.' You perceive the system — Solf's system. 'Do what you will with us, we are powerless to resist. And in case you ask too much, it will not be our fault if a good, reposeful peace should be swiftly followed by war.'

We do not meet with a single threat. We find only a state of resignation, from which complaints and reproaches may rise. There is not the slightest appearance of the revolution. A great fear, an exaggerated fear of some danger to German well-being, to the comfort of the German burgess, to German industry; a good-will measured out drop by drop on the condition that it be profitable. Such is the secret of all one sees, the secret of a significant measure which has just reached our ears, *viz.*, that this municipality, on the very day of the entrance of the French troops, made French a prescribed study in the elementary schools.

On the following day at an early hour we walked about the streets. The factories and the schools were opening. It is then that one best studies the varied aspects of popular life.

Children here, children there, children everywhere. They run towards us on all sides and gather themselves into an extraordinary crowd — well clad, well shod, comfortably bundled up, little rosy faces under crowns of yellow hair, sometimes of brown hair (for brunettes are plentiful in this once Celtic countryside). All these little faces that stare at us, all these familiar, shining-eyed youngsters who throng about our motor car and look at our chauffeurs in uniform, all these children without a single exception are healthy looking. Their faces are full and round; they have not suffered. When I compare them with the poor, pitiful haggard-eyed children of our invaded regions. . . .

There are many, very many workmen, a large number of them being young men. Few women. We see the different elements of a social life still intact, clergymen, schoolmasters, employees of the state and the city. In a word, all those who could decently keep out of the turmoil. All these watch us, wait for our coming. They reply willingly to our requests for information. They go out of their way; some salute. There is a marked but not excessive reserve. Along the streets our placid poilu strolls with his hand in his pockets, stopping before shop windows, asking his way from the girls for the fun of it. In a word, there is nothing particularly striking to this first meeting of Frenchman and foe.

En route! Here we are in the full blaze of daylight hurrying on through the country. We are going to Kreuznach, thence to Mainz by the shortest route along the valley. The city had surprised us a little by its tranquil air of not having suffered, by the 'continuity' of its life. In the countryside our surprise was to amount almost to stupefaction.

This countryside is narrow and restricted. It lies along the valley and the road, a long alignment of fields and gardens. To the right and the left the climbing land rises to a double rampart of wooded hills. A stern land this, powerfully moulded by Nature for military purposes. History has taught us all this, for we are in the famous lines of Kaiserlautern — that citadel of the Rhenish provinces which dominates all Germany's gates into France and forbids the entry of France into Germany. Who holds this land holds our gates. Alas, the world knows this only too well, for it was simply because of this fact that the negotiators of 1815 gave this territory to Prussia.

In the villages and the towns more

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children, such a number of children that the chauffeur is forever having to dodge and stop. But here our chauffeur's task grows even more complicated, for he must avoid the barrage of hens. How they flutter and run!

In theory a hen is said to run under a wagon, but what are we to say when there are a thousand hens about? And when we reflect that a hen lives on the same cereals as a human being? Well, we have something to pause over. Horses, attached to wagons, to ploughs, to agricultural machines are to be seen everywhere on the streets and in the fields. . . . I think of the state to which our French cavalry has been reduced. The fields are well kept and cultivated, not a metre of land has been allowed to lie waste. The vines are cultivated, pruned, and bound, not a twig lies on the ground. The straw lying about is fresh and clean. As far down the valley as the eye can see the squares of green and rose alternate in the fields. The well-rooted wheat shudders in the first chill of winter. I think of our fields, of our best fields, gone to waste and spotted with thistles . . . have n't these people been at war?

We advance. A watering place: Kreuznach. Another French staff gives us a second generous welcome. The 'Emperor's' dining room, the 'Emperor's' office, the 'Emperor's' table. He is far away now, the reprobate! We start once more. A new rendezvous. We arrive at dusk in a driving rain. We are at Mainz.

And now approaches the historian's hour. Would that I might reawaken some memories of our history here. Mainz, Cæsar, Napoleon, the siege by the French, the occupation. But the present does not allow us a return to the past.

At first view, the town is scowling, sombre, and dark under the rain. They have assigned us quarters in a private house, for they have wished us to have a glimpse of the townsman. A comfortable interior, carpets, carved wood, heavy curtains, richly decorated ceilings, chocolate-colored walls, caramel bric-a-brac, an air of gross and over-abundant bourgeois luxury. And *copper, copper everywhere.* Yet they stole all of ours they could put their hands on, under the pretext that Germany needed copper! And here on a little table are eight copper ash trays, on the mantelpiece are a number of those hideous copper ornaments in which Boche taste delights, little copper wells, little copper clocks. To think, good heavens, of all our lovely chandeliers, all our admirable church candlesticks, our baptismal fonts, our bells, our brass ware melted down to save these *ordures!* But take warning, all this has a symbolic meaning! Germany ended the war to save just these things. She has preserved her well-being. *After having pillaged, she did not care to be sacked.*

I made these reflections while getting into an exceedingly comfortable bed belonging to a rich citizen of Mainz who, in very good French, protested against my intrusion. But I let him understand that I had no ear for his jests and that I had no intention of allowing myself to be put out in the street. 'Monsieur, your folk came to my house, drank my wine, raided my cellar, carried off my furniture, my mattresses, my linen, my silver, *my copper,* and then they destroyed my house. This for the time being is my house. Don't worry, however, *for I shall leave it as soon as I possibly can.* For your house, monsieur, is perfectly unspeakable. Mine, in its lovely Louis XVI delicacy, was a thing of exquisite beauty.' He understands French, but I doubt if that penetrated his skull!

Now we must sleep. For to-morrow,

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at the break of day, General Leconte has said to me, 'The earliest hour must find you at the bridge.' The St. Quentin regiment, the 287th, will be *the first* to cross the Rhine. We shall be there, *mon Général!*

At dawn we were at the bridge of Mainz. General Leconte's division was to take possession of the other bank at seven o'clock. We decided to go ahead of it and await its coming.

At Mainz the river wears a majestic aspect. It rolled onwards, its gray and hurrying waves under a night-mist still clinging to the valley. Nevertheless, a pale glow strove to pierce its way through the clouds, and finally a rosy light, infinitely delicate, spread through the atmosphere and shone upon our troops drawn up along the bank.

The movement on the long and narrow bridge was already active. That bridge, ornamented with pylons, flanked by four heavy pavilions, and leaping in eight arches across the stream.

The general, accompanied by his staff, arrived on horseback. He dismounted at the entrance to the bridge, walked to the sidewalk and gave orders that the bridge was to be closed to general travel. The crowd being blocked at both ends, the space between swiftly emptied. All awaited in silence the stroke of seven. General Caron and his staff had joined General Leconte.

Seven o'clock! The drums beat, the bugles sound, the defile begins. The 287th regiment of infantry, the St. Quentin regiment sets foot upon the bridge. In squads of eight, bayonets gleaming, their trampling step causing the great bridge to rumble, the soldiers surge forward towards the general who stands by the illuminating point of the central arch, his standard behind him.

The regiment advanced, the band going first, pounding and blowing for all it was worth. It advanced, disappeared, and soon the whole valley rang with the long echoes of the military march. The two banks awoke, caught up the tune, and replied one to the other. The *Sombre et Meuse* marked the step of our heroes. The soldiers came nearer, the hardy faces could be distinguished. Then came cyclists and men with dogs on a leash. The captain of the first detachment to pass saluted with his sword. The men, their faces turned to the man with the golden vizor, passed on, rank after rank. And how many of these masculine figures must have had hidden in his heart under the stern panoply of war, the smile that is born of the dream realized at last!

As the flag was about to pass him, the general, saluting with sword, said in a quiet tone to the surrounding officers, 'Gentlemen, let us not forget that our dead also are passing by.'

For the dead were at hand. The flag had brought them there in its folds. The immense landscape, of a sudden, seemed swept with light. The bridge itself, having caught the cadence of the passing troops, began to tremble, and soon, marking the passing steps, appeared to dance.

Bayonets gleaming, in ranks of eight, the soldiers passed. The staggering load of the infantryman on campaign bore but lightly that day upon their shoulders. Large and heavily built, they seemed that day to be nimble and alert. The balancing bridge appeared to lift them up. The blue casques grew into a long snake of steel, whose spiny back was formed by myriads of bayonets. Companies succeeded companies; the morning sun poured down on the white faces and black moustaches.

After the infantry came the cannons,

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the 75's wrapped in their black mantles, and held in leash like hounds. After the cannons the convoy wagons, ambulances, the interminable file of worn wagons drawn by lean-bellied horses, scrubs with long, worn coats; rattling harnesses repaired with rope, all this equipage, covered with the dust and mud of long roads, rumbled on, still laboring to further that sacred task born of so many hopes and desperate efforts.

While this formidable array was crossing from one bank to the other, the crowd assembled at both ends of the bridge remained apparently silent from stupor.

What were they thinking of? What comparisons were struggling in their minds? What overthrown dreams, what sorrows bare of consolation? Or was it the reawakening of a dream? Did they understand? Did they realize? It would seem not. Necks craned forward, with bulging eyes they watched the spectacle. Beneath them the Rhine, majestic and dark, rolled onward the tides of history.

Le Figaro

BERLIN IN REVOLUTION

SATURDAY MORNING.—Berlin presents the appearance of a huge military encampment. Military patrols in field array, steel helmets on with the chin straps down, and rifles at right shoulder, are met on every street and square. Some of the patrols consist of only two or three men. Others are considerable detachments, commanded by officers. Machine guns are in position at all important traffic points, especially along the streets admitting to the vicinity of the palace. Larger bodies of troops of full company strength are scattered through the whole city. Last night they occupied the public buildings, factories, and hotels. It is not surprising that the soldiers look tired and sleepy. Here and there one notices them in conversation with civilians. The indifference with which they regard prospective events is striking. A shrug of the shoulder, which means most anything, is the usual answer to an inquiry as to their attitude in case of a collision with the conflicting political elements. The general aspect of the streets is not so markedly different from ordinary. Traffic continues in a regular and orderly manner. The only point where curiosity seekers are present in any numbers is near the palace. These include a number from the more aristocratic quarters, including several well-dressed ladies. The crowd is kept constantly moving by the police and military sentinels.

The picture changes as one proceeds from the centre of the city toward the suburbs. The net of soldiers and police posts becomes more open, while the groups of people engaged in lively discussion grow more numerous. The street car conductors and motormen from the suburbs bring the news that work has stopped in nearly all the big industrial establishments. Word passes from mouth to mouth that tens of thousands of workmen are marching toward the city. No one knows anything definite. Imagination has full play and the most absurd rumors get

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about. The crowds are in a state of tense expectation. Women lean out the opened windows. Children make a great disturbance in front of the houses under the sympathy of a general excitement. They all create the impression that a carnival procession is approaching.

'They're coming!' At the end of the dreary suburban street which seems to fade away in the gray mist of the cloudy, rainy, autumn day, slowly advances a dark, compact wall of men. At first, we distinguish nothing more than a dozen red spots of color waving over the dark gray mass. With closed ranks extending the whole width of the street, and at a moderate pace, they advance. In front are the standard bearers with red banners of a more or less impromptu character carried on poles and implement handles picked up at their places of employment. On the left and on the right are marshals with red bands on their arms, while the column itself is composed of thousands of workingmen of every age, and of soldiers and women. The crowd in the streets gives its stormy approval to the passing procession. When a soldier appears he is summoned to remove the imperial colors. It is all done in a quiet and almost courteous way. One cavalry soldier refuses to comply. There is an excited interchange of words. A few rough youngsters try to seize his cap. But maintainers of order are already on the spot. 'No violence, comrades!' The soldier retains his cap and cockade.

In another street non-commissioned officers with rifles over their shoulders stand watch in front of the guard barracks of a regiment of the guard. A compact column of armed workingmen and soldiers appears from a side street. It has arrived in the course of the night from a town where a workers' and soldiers' council has already seized the reins of authority. Immediately the men on guard are made powerless. The doors of the barracks are broken open. In the courtyard the troops are drawn up ready for instant service, standing at attention. The officers, whom the men refused to obey, realizing the uselessness of opposition, submit to the inevitable. Some of the soldiers welcome the intruders with joyous cheers. After a short negotiation the barracks are in the hands of the workers. The red flag flutters over the flag pole. The troops are disarmed. Rifles and ammunition are distributed to the workingmen who have not yet procured weapons. Some of the common soldiers join the procession. Anyone not willing to do so has the choice of remaining at the barracks or of packing up his things and going home. So it goes on from barracks to barracks, the same thing happening at every point. Soldiers with slung rifles take over the task of maintaining law and order in the quarters they have 'conquered.' They regulate traffic and see that there are no excesses. The processions approach from every direction and roll on toward the centre of the city in rapidly increasing masses.

Soon after one o'clock the columns arriving from the North are the first to enter the inner town. The police are disarmed. The military patrols for the most part voluntarily surrender their weapons. All the public buildings are occupied by the workers, and by two o'clock, Liebknecht is delivering a revolutionary address from the balcony of the palace. A vast throng packs this whole section of the city. Speeches are being made at every street corner. The republic is proclaimed from balconies, from the roofs of street cars, from the pedestals of monuments. The rejoicing and cheering continues ceaselessly. The red flags multiply. Soon they appear on the royal balcony, from

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the offices of the commanding general, from the university, and the prison. The revolution has conquered all along the line, and it is an unexampled victory attained with but a single isolated case of bloodshed. This is largely due to the self-control and discipline of the German working people.

By three o'clock in the afternoon the excellent order hitherto maintained shows signs of failing. Traffic ceases completely. The only street railway in operation is the underground. Half-grown boys, idlers of every kind, and the tougher element threaten to get control of the streets. Wherever an officer appears, hundreds rush up to him and vociferously strip him of his side arms, his insignia of rank, and his cockade. The revolutionary rejoicing threatens to degenerate under the auspices of these rough elements into a carnival of disorder; but the speedy appearance of patrols of workers and soldiers in the centre of the city, banishes the danger. Following the example of the Russian revolution, the Red Guard immediately requisitioned all the autos of the military authorities and armed them with machine guns. Crowded with armed soldiers and workingmen they speed recklessly through the streets. Crouching on the running boards, lying on the roofs, weapons ready to fire, with their hands on the levers of the machine guns, these mobile detachments help to increase the general confusion and alarm.

No one knows why this threatening attitude has been assumed, and a rumor speedily rises that regiments faithful to the monarchy are advancing. Handbills are distributed. Thousands are thrown out of windows and from automobiles decked with red flags. A shower of white, red, and multi-colored circulars thickens the air. The first proclamations and ordnances of the new republican government are greeted by the crowd with stormy cheers. Other automobiles pass. A new flood of handbills is rained upon the crowd. This time they contain the appeals of the Independents (for the two parties have not yet made peace with each other) — they contain the bitter charges against the men of the new government whose proclamations have just been received with such applause. In spite of that, they are received with the same mad cheers even when the Spartacus people, following the example of their Russian predecessors, distribute handbills calling for civil war. These, too, are wildly cheered. Does the crowd really know what it is about? Under the red flag, three bitterly hostile movements are going on, and the crowd applauds all three impartially. Is that lack of common sense, political incompetence, or what?

At six o'clock in the evening the streets and squares are packed with people, so that it is impossible to make one's way through the dense crowd. Then suddenly an excited movement occurs in the dark mass and shouts are heard, at first unintelligible and then passing from mouth to mouth: 'There is shooting!' Fighting is going on in the Palace Square. The noise increases rapidly and then there is sudden, listening silence — and one hears from the distance the rattling of lively rifle fire, followed shortly by the clatter of machine guns and the dull explosion of hand grenades. The excitement increases every minute. Autos filled with armed soldiers, that hitherto have been going about without a definite destination, hasten in the direction of the Palace. Armed men form in columns and march in the same direction. Thousands of curious persons follow. The noise grows constantly louder, and one hears the din of battle. Gradually more definite news arrives. In the vicinity of the Marstall, where several

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hundred officers and other persons loyal to the Kaiser are said to have barricaded themselves, furious shooting began, which lasted until late in the evening. It was not until some cannon had been brought that the firing ceased. The building was stormed by the troops of the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils, and searched to the last corner. No trace of the defenders was found. Shooting began at other points. Machine guns were stationed in front of the University, the Library, and other buildings, and raked the houses with a furious fire. Similar shooting began at Friedrichstrasse, near the Café Bauer, at Hotel Victoria, opposite the Reichstag Building, at the Engineers' Club, and at the Friedrichstrasse Railway Station. With interruptions the firing lasts all night. No one knows who the mysterious shooters are, and not until morning do they succeed in capturing a few officers in one of the houses they have been storming. It is not definitely known whether they actually fired upon the crowd. Things have not quieted down yet. Constantly one hears isolated shots, and every quarter of an hour or so a volley sounds, from some point, through the deserted streets.

Sunday morning comes. Brilliant sunshine from a cloudless sky. Crowds, extending in every direction, of people clothed in their best. Workingmen with red ribbons and flowers, soldiers alone and in groups, carrying their rifles and with full cartridge belts slung over their shoulders, all are passing in a continuous stream toward the centre of the city. There is a holiday spirit abroad. The Unter den Linden, where last night's troubles occurred, is the goal of thousands of curious people. Broken glass, pieces of mortar, shattered street lamps, broken windows, innumerable marks of bullets on the houses, all testify of the events of the night before. Patrols of armed workingmen and soldiers, among whom we note to-day many sailors, maintain order and keep the roads open for traffic. Then suddenly a shot is fired from the vicinity of the Palace, followed by another and the machine guns begin to rattle. The public scatters in a panic in every direction, hastening down the side streets. Firing likewise begins from another point.

At twelve o'clock a mass meeting occurred at the Bismarck Monument in front of the Reichstag. Many thousands crowd into the broad square. As the first speaker begins he is interrupted by the sudden fire of machine guns. A wild panic ensues. The crowd scatters. Shots are fired along the whole Linden. Behind the projecting walls, along all the approaches to the places of conflict, one sees innumerable 'fight hunters,' many of whom pay for their curiosity with serious gun-shot wounds. All the afternoon and evening the shooting continues. Even now it is not certain who is responsible. A great part of the trouble is due to the universal nervousness. How else can we explain the fact that an immediate thorough search of most of the houses from which it is alleged that shots were directed upon the crowd, reveals nothing? Whenever a rifle goes off by accident, some one is found who is certain he saw the shot fired from such and such a roof, and immediately the house becomes the mark for a general attack with rifles and machine guns from every side.

When the people went back to work on Monday, Berlin resumed its ordinary aspect. Only the red posters and the numerous military patrols in the streets and the red decorated autos of the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils and the occasional resumption of shooting in the region — closed to the general public — near the Palace, recall the events of the last few days.

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A CONSTITUTION FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BY SIR CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE

I

'No lesson,' as the Prime Minister very truly says, 'that the war has taught us is more striking than the lesson of the reality of the power of the British Empire.' Equally true is it that as regards the changes in political thought brought about by the war, none compare in significance, from the standpoint of Empire, with the clearer understanding gained by all sections of British subjects as to the real meaning of the Imperial idea. The war has unified the component parts of the King's Dominions in a manner and with a solidarity nothing else could have accomplished. In the words of Mr. Hughes, 'before the war Empire was a thing vague and almost lifeless, in the hour of trial it assumed a new and inspiring shape, that which was dead became gloriously alive.' From every land and every clime the citizens of the Empire rallied to the flag, fired with a common loyalty and obligation, determined as one nation and one people to secure the triumph of right over might and the maintenance of justice and freedom for all mankind.

The coming of peace will be followed, let us hope at no distant period, by demobilization, when men who have shared the same hardships and faced the same perils will be returning to their homes in different parts of the Empire. Will these men who have fought for the same common ideals remain content to live on under the old political limitations? I think not. With the cessation of hostilities a new era will arise demanding the reconstruction of our Imperial Constitution, using the word Imperial in its true sense, that of Empire. Our fellow subjects, merely because they happen to reside outside the confines of the United Kingdom, will no longer be satisfied to be without a voice in the foreign policy of the Empire or in the waging of wars in which they may again be called upon to take their part. They will want, and rightly want, to share these responsibilities with the Motherland, and gladly will they assume the corresponding liabilities of Empire Government. They will expect, and rightly expect, that issues, affecting the Empire as a whole, shall no longer remain for solution in the hands of statesmen elected solely by the votes of persons in the United Kingdom. They will insist upon these issues being decided by a Tribunal in whose counsels representatives from all parts of the Empire meet on equal terms and possess equal authority.

It was, I think, John Stuart Mill who expressed the opinion that 'countries separated by half the globe do not present the natural conditions for being under one Government or even members of one federation.' But much water has flowed under the bridge since those lines were written, and had John Stuart Mill been alive to-day I have no doubt whatever that his opinion would have advanced with the times. Adam Smith took a wider and more correct view when he told us that 'the assembly which deliberates and decides concerning the affairs of

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every part of the Empire, in order to be properly informed, ought certainly to have representatives from every part of it.' And that great Imperialist, Lord Beaconsfield, speaking nearly half a century ago, has left on record these memorable words: 'No Minister in this country will do his duty who neglects any and every opportunity of reconstructing as much as possible our Colonial Empire, and of responding to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength and happiness in this land.'

If the Empire is to remain an Empire there must be a system of common defense and joint control of foreign policy. These were the views enunciated by the late Mr. Forster when he founded the Imperial Federation League, with Lord Rosebery as his chief lieutenant, as far back as 1884. So convinced was Mr. Forster of the necessity of Empire federation that he went so far as to say that if no such organization were brought into being 'self-government would end in separation.' Happily, that view has not materialized. But the fact remains that if we fail to get closer together we run the risk of drifting farther apart. Federation has been the mutual result of free institutions in Canada, Australia, and South Africa. It rests with the present generation to extend the principle of federal unity throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire.

As regards organization for common defense, considerable advance has been made since Mr. Forster's time. Following on the inquiry by Royal Commission into the defense of British possessions and commerce abroad, came the Colonial Conference of 1887, when representatives from the outer portions of the Empire were invited, for the first time, to discuss matters of imperial defense with the statesmen of the Motherland. At that date the available force of active militia in the Dominion of Canada, together with the permanent corps, amounted to 37,000 men, the total armed strength in the Australasian colonies was 34,000 men, while in the Cape and Natal the trained forces numbered 5,500 and 1,500 respectively. Comparing the position then with the numbers of oversea troops engaged in the present war, we get an insight into the true inwardness of the late Lord Knutsford's observation that 'in each case there was a large reserve that could be drawn upon in case of need.' The great Imperial Army in the field to-day offers a splendid contradiction to the sentiment expressed by the late Mr. Bright at Birmingham in 1885 'that the idea is ludicrous that the British Empire should form one country, one interest, one undivided interest for the purposes of defense.' And at the same time provides a vivid confirmation of Joseph Chamberlain's historic declaration that 'the English democracy will stand shoulder to shoulder throughout the world to maintain the honor and integrity of the British Empire.'

Again, the question of Colonial contributions to the Royal Navy, one of the cardinal points in the programme of the Imperial Federation League, has advanced many stages. A beginning was made in 1887 by the Australian Colonies entering into a provisional agreement for a period of ten years. Subsequently New Zealand and South Africa, and, later on, certain of the Colonies not possessing responsible government, made contributions to the common fund for naval defense. Then followed the controversy with the Admiralty on the establishment of local navies, resulting in the raising of a local unit by the Commonwealth of Australia, and the transformation of a grant in aid of £240,000 per annum into a naval vote which has to-day

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reached the high figure of £5,000,000.

But if much has been accomplished, much remains to be done. And the question we have to ask ourselves is how the end is to be reached. In my opinion there is but one way, and that is by a change in the governance of the Empire. Until that change is made it cannot be truthfully said that we have done all we can to place ourselves in a position to combat successfully any further attempt that may be made on our integrity or to take our proper place with the Allied nations in securing, for all time, the peace of the world. Lord Milner put the case very clearly when, addressing the Conference between representatives of the Home and Dominion Parliaments in the summer of 1916 at the House of Commons, he said: 'One of the main arguments of those who, like myself, have advocated what is described as "an organic union" of the Empire, has been the necessity of such union in order to insure the maximum of effective co-operation between its different parts in resisting external attacks.' And he continued: 'The resources of the British Empire, material and moral, if properly organized, are enormously greater than those of Germany. But neither in war nor in diplomacy is the British Empire able to make its weight felt as it ought to be. If it were, the war would have been over a year ago. Indeed, in my opinion, Germany would never have ventured to begin it.'

To pass on. It is not, I think, sufficiently recognized that we have within the Empire two opposing political systems. As regards internal affairs the Dominions have self-government in its most complete form, for although every Act passed by the Dominions is subject to the veto of the Crown, only on very rare occasions is that power exercised. On the other hand, in foreign affairs, in the great issues of peace and war, the Dominions have hitherto been asked, one may almost say expected, to accept the ruling of the Imperial Parliament, an assembly in which they have neither voice nor vote. 'Very gradually, very temperately,' as Lord Milner tells us, 'the leading statesmen of the Dominions have been directing attention to the anomalies of this position.' I recall a dispatch written by the late Mr. Service when Prime Minister of Victoria in 1885. It ran thus: 'Australians may be deeply interested in the action, or, it may be, inaction of the Imperial authorities, but they have no voice, no vote, in those councils of the Empire to which Her Majesty's Ministers are responsible; in all matters in which the exercise of the Imperial authority has interests for them, that authority is to all intents and purposes an unqualified autocracy — on the one hand, we in Australia are under Constitutional government, on the other, under an antiquated autocracy or bureaucracy.'

Speaking in the Canadian House of Commons two years before the war, Sir Robert Borden used these words: 'It has been declared in the past, and even in recent years, that the responsibility for foreign policy would not be shared by Great Britain with the Dominions. In my humble opinion adherence to such a position would have but one, and that a most disastrous, result.' And Mr. Andrew Fisher, High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia, expressed the same view in a somewhat different way when he observed: 'If I had stayed in Scotland I should have been able to heckle my member on questions of Imperial policy and to vote for or against him on that ground. I went to Australia. I have been Prime Minister. But all the time I had no say whatever about Imperial policy — no say whatever. Now that can't go on. There must be some change.'

There is no longer any room in our

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midst for critics who voice the views that sentiment alone is the silken tie which binds the Empire together, that to give the Dominions a say in the foreign policy of the Empire would lead to diplomatic incidents which, in other circumstances, might never have arisen. These phases of argument are past and gone, it would require a bold man to-day to question the right of any Dominion to do everything possible to protect itself against foreign aggression. Instead of the introduction of the principle of the Monroe Doctrine into the foreign policy of the Empire being a cause of weakness to the Empire, it will be a cause of strength. And there is little doubt that this view is forcing itself upon the minds of all Imperial statesmen. It has been the guiding theme in the speeches recently delivered in this country by Mr. Hughes, Mr. Massey, Sir Joseph Ward, and General Smuts. 'If we are to continue to be a Commonwealth of free peoples,' said Mr. Hughes, 'we must have guaranties against enemy aggression in the future. Along our north and eastern shores are three belts of islands. The position of Australia is such that we cannot hold it if these islands are in the hands of enemies, we stand committed to a policy of the Monroe Doctrine in the Pacific and against all predatory nations we will strive to give this doctrine effect to the last ounce of effort at our disposal.'

Had the self-governing communities been allowed a voice in matters of foreign policy long ago, many mistakes and misunderstandings would have been avoided. Australian feeling would not have been outraged by the *laissez faire* attitude shown in the matter of New Guinea and the protests with regard to the surrender of the New Hebrides would never have occurred. New Zealand would not have been menaced by enemy annexations in the Pacific, Samoa would not have become a German naval base, and the valuable trade of this group and the adjacent islands would not have passed from British control into the hands of the enemy, nor do I think would the arrangement which gave Heligoland to Germany ever have been allowed. There would have been no sacrificing of Canadian interests to meet the demands of the United States of America, the fisheries of Newfoundland would not have remained for so long a period subject to the handicap of foreign interference, nor the prosperity of the West Indies been jeopardized by the unfair competition of European bounties. And this is not all. Millions of citizens have been lost to the Empire by the absence of an Imperial migration policy. For generations the Dominions have been crying aloud for people of British stock to till their lands and develop their resources. But Downing Street has paid no heed to the supplication. Apathy and inaction in Imperial policy have been besetting sins of successive Ministries at Westminster. Cabinets, Liberal and Conservative, have been content to look on while the population of this country passed outward to the United States of America, instead of remaining, as in altered circumstances might have been the case, citizens of the British Empire. Resolution after resolution has been passed dealing with the subject, but nothing has eventuated, and nothing will eventuate until the Dominions are given a permanent share in the supreme council of State.

In considering the question of federal unity there must, of course, be no interference with the existing rights of local parliaments to manage their local affairs in their own way. Whatever steps be taken to bring about the federation of the Empire, the aspirations of the Dominions, their hopes, their

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national ambitions must be fully acknowledged and considered. Every care must be taken to preserve in its most complete form the internal autonomy of each Dominion, while endowing it with an autonomy in Imperial affairs which it does not at present enjoy.

II

From time to time various suggestions for federating the Empire have been put forward. The first proposal, based on practical premises, was that formulated by Lord Grey some twelve years after the federation of the Canadian Provinces. He conceived the plan of appointing the Agents of the Colonies Privy Councilors and constituting them into a Board of Advice to assist the Cabinet, and especially the Secretary of State, in the management of what he described as 'Colonial affairs.' The idea met with the support of the late Duke of Argyll, then Marquis of Lorne, who cited as one of its main advantages 'that there would be more opportunity for the Colonies to combine for the purpose of furthering the view of one of their number or to declare against any impracticable object,' an opinion Lord Grey readily endorsed, adding, what most students of Empire have come to regard as a truism, that 'when the English beyond the seas are unanimous in opposing Home policy, there is a fair presumption that we are in the wrong.'

Such a Board, however, would not have met the requirements of the position. Certainly it would have been a very small step in the direction of Imperial Federation, and it is hardly surprising that it failed to gain the support of the oversea communities. Nor would the situation have been improved had the personnel of the Board been extended to include the representatives of India and the other British possessions, even if such a course were possible. Its status, too, would have been little more than that of the India Council, while Agents-General and even high commissioners enjoy only a very limited period of office and do not possess the authority necessary to express the views of their governments on external policy. Moreover, the existence of a body endowed merely with consultative powers must obviously tend to increase irresponsibility in the Imperial Parliament.

A second proposition, and one that has received a good deal of support in this country, is the formation of an Imperial Council to advise the Imperial Parliament on all matters affecting the collective interests of the Empire. Such a council would differ fundamentally from a Board of Advice, inasmuch as it would include representatives of the United Kingdom, but the difficulty in making provision for the adequate representation of the outer Empire would still remain. As regards the Dominions it is claimed that this matter may be left to settle itself, seeing that collectively their populations will, in due course, equal that of the Motherland. For myself I see no probability of any such expectation being realized in the near future, but even were that so the problem of individual representation would still remain to be solved. As regards India and the other dependencies of the Crown, including colonies not possessing responsible government, no suggestions have yet been made.

These advocates of an Imperial Council, however, have a warm supporter in Lord Bryce, who is firmly convinced that its acceptance 'would afford the fullest possible recognition to the principle that the Dominions are entitled to be consulted and to express their views in issues of foreign policy.' He also points out that an Imperial

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Council does not necessitate a new executive 'because the three existing British Ministries of Foreign Affairs, Navy, and War would at once become Ministries for the Empire, their powers and functions being, of course, changed by the existence of the Imperial Council with which they would be in the closest touch.' Let us examine this statement. Assuming, for the sake of argument, a question of foreign policy to arise, the constitutional body empowered to carry out that foreign policy would be the Imperial Cabinet, but the Imperial Cabinet would have to consult the Imperial Council. The two might not agree. To which opinion is preference to be given? On this issue, not an unimportant one, Lord Bryce observes a discreet silence. What would have happened had the Imperial Cabinet been required to consult an Imperial Council before declaring war? By the time the oversea members had taken the advice of their governments and the necessary communications passed between the Imperial Cabinet and the Imperial Council the Germans would have been in Paris.

No! An Imperial Council without executive powers is not a body to deal with matters of foreign policy involving questions of peace and war. Moreover, after you have said everything that can be said in favor of an Imperial Council, as Lord Selborne reminds us, the original weakness remains, the one and only executive body in the Empire which can carry out the foreign policy of the Empire is not responsible to the Empire but only to the electors of the United Kingdom. 'Our fellow countrymen in the Dominions still stand committed to the acts of the Imperial Government, with no remedy except separation, and with no means of controlling the decisions of the Imperial Government. The fundamental defects remain, and you have only added a fifth wheel to the coach — a council which has no power of decision, no power of action in the urgent problem that may arise in diplomacy.' An Imperial Council, without executive powers would be little more than a glorified Imperial Conference. If we are to have an Imperial Council, not only must it be Constitutional in origin and representative in character, it must be supreme in its decisions.

A third proposal is to give direct representation in the present House of Commons, without adding to its numerical strength, to the outer portions of the Empire and to confer a proportionate number of life peerages on eminent statesmen from oversea. This proposal is put forward as requiring no organic change in the Constitution, but merely a reconstruction of the Imperial Parliament. But, as in the case of an Imperial Council, it is open to many objections. There would be the same difficulty over the question of oversea representation, while a further difficulty would occur in allotting the peerages: not only is the choice limited, but the oversea communities would very naturally desire to retain the services of their best men to assist in carrying on their own legislation. It would also necessitate placing on the Statute Book another Reform Act, involving another recasting of the constituencies. Again, the discussion of questions affecting the vast Empire over which the British Parliament has more or less control would increase congestion in the House of Commons, and at the same time be at the expense of domestic legislation. 'Or it might happen that a question considered by the representatives of Greater Britain to be vital to them would have to give way to some business important only to the United Kingdom. Nor should the fact be overlooked that the representatives of the United Kingdom could always outvote those from over-

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sea, while the danger would ever be present that to enforce their own ends the oversea representatives might take up a position similar to that of the Irish Nationalist Party. Embarrassment would also arise in separating Home from Imperial finance, seeing that both financial systems would come under the control of one Chancellor of the Exchequer, an arrangement which I do not think the oversea governments would ever entertain.

Moreover, no system of federation could be absolutely fair in which Imperial functions were exercised by what is, after all, merely the local Parliament of one of its constituent parts. The supreme governing body of the United States, being entirely removed from any local legislature, gives satisfaction to the whole. The same result would certainly not have been arrived at had the supreme government been vested in the legislature of any particular State, however well the founders of the Constitution had provided for the representation of the other States in that one legislature. Apply this reasoning to the proposal under review and it seems to me to need no further consideration.

A fourth proposition, and one that has been widely discussed, is the creation of a new Imperial Parliament, possessing full executive powers as to matters affecting the Empire as a whole, with a subordinate Parliament for the United Kingdom to deal with what may be called home affairs, a body chosen on an electoral basis but including in its personnel representatives of the self-governing communities as well as of the United Kingdom. Here, again, a primary difficulty in the formation of such a Parliament is to bring within the scope of its operation those parts of the Empire which do not now possess responsible government. Yet unless this end is secured the idea of federal unity would not be attained. Lord Selborne, while admitting that whether or not we start with an Imperial Council as advocated by Lord Bryce, 'the development must end, if the Empire is to be preserved intact, in a Parliament of the Empire,' has not attempted to solve the problem. Lord Milner, an equally strong supporter of an Empire Parliament, suggests that the point might be met by giving those parts of the Empire that do not now enjoy responsible government, representation in a new Imperial Cabinet until the time comes when they have proved themselves capable of local autonomy and entitled to direct representation in the Imperial Parliament. Admittedly, objections would be raised to this course, but, in my opinion, if the suggested creation of a new Imperial Parliament were to be adopted Lord Milner's proposal is the best, if not the only way of meeting the difficulty.

Whether the new Imperial Parliament is to consist of two Chambers or one is another matter that its advocates do not appear to have thought out. Yet the question is one that cannot be avoided should the proposition itself be seriously considered. Again, many supporters of this reform in our Imperial Constitution desire to see the present Parliament at Westminster continue as the United Kingdom Parliament, and another Parliament brought into being for the conduct of Imperial affairs. Others take the opposite view. Lord Milner, for instance, would create a new Parliament to deal with the local affairs of the United Kingdom, leaving the Parliament which has existed for over six hundred years greatly reduced in numbers, and elected by much larger constituencies, partly in the United Kingdom and partly in the Dominions, to deal with Imperial affairs, while still retaining the overriding power, which in strict Constitutional theory it pos-

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sesses to-day, of legislating on any subject for any part of the Empire. Lord Selborne puts the case even stronger. To him it is unthinkable that a Parliament of the Empire should be other than the lineal hereditary successor of the present Imperial Parliament. He cannot imagine an Imperial Parliament with limited Constitutional powers and a United Kingdom Parliament with sovereign powers. The limitations must be in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and the sovereign authority must rest with the new Parliament.

While there are objections which do not apply to the other method of procedure, no one can deny that there are certain great advantages in the plan outline by Lord Milner and endorsed by Lord Selborne. In the first place, as the Secretary of State for War points out, the new Imperial Parliament would stand in the same relation to all the local Parliaments, including that of the United Kingdom. They would all alike have been created by it. In the next place, the measures necessary to give full effect to the contemplated transformation need not be made all at once. He then goes on to say that 'the future Parliament of the United Kingdom would have precisely the same status and the same origin as the Parliaments of Canada and Australia.' As regards status I agree, but I am unable to follow the reasoning which leads him to a similar conclusion in the matter of origin. The Parliaments of Canada and Australia — and he might have added, the Parliament of the Union of South Africa — had their origin in federal movements within their respective territories. Before, then, you can say that the future United Kingdom Parliament would have precisely the same origin as the federal Parliaments of the Dominions, you will have to reverse the happenings that have taken place in those countries by the introduction of a scheme of devolution that would give to England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales separate legislatures empowered in each case to deal with what may be called purely local affairs. Such a scheme would undoubtedly be necessary if the point at issue were the relief of the present Imperial Parliament from the burden now cast upon it of dealing with the purely local affairs of the component parts of the United Kingdom, but it is quite unnecessary where the object in view is a division of the functions of the present Imperial Parliament so as to separate that portion of its work concerned with the local affairs of the United Kingdom from its duties as trustee of the whole Empire. The creation of a new Imperial Parliament charged only with the consideration of matters of Empire would at once bring about the desired division of work, and this would be the case whether the new Parliament be the lineal successor of the present Parliament at Westminster or a new body altogether.

III

Lastly, I come to the proposal of an Imperial Cabinet. Long ago it was suggested that to combine the Cabinets of the Empire would be a convenient as well as an effective form of Imperial federation. The suggestion, however, fell on deaf ears. Years afterwards the conscience of Downing Street awakened and a step in the direction indicated was taken by the creation of the Imperial Conference. But it has required a war, and the greatest of all wars, to give the original suggestion practical shape. This was done when the Prime Ministers of the Dominions were included in the Imperial War Cabinet, and the principle has since been extended by the addition of representatives from India and the

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setting up of committees within the Imperial War Cabinet. Over one of these the Secretary of State for the Colonies presides, and in this way representation is given to those Colonies and Protectorates not possessing responsible government.

In the Imperial War Cabinet we have an Imperial body possessing executive powers, an end not attained by any other of the propositions that have been advanced for the federation of the Empire, except that of a new Imperial Parliament. Full representation is also given to all parts of the Empire. It appears, therefore, that in the Imperial War Cabinet we have reached a stage in Empire Government which removes those political limitations that have so long blocked the way to Imperial progress. The Dominions have at last assumed the position of partners. But are we to go back to the *status quo* when hostilities cease? On this point nothing appears to have been settled. All that the Resolution passed by the Imperial War Cabinet on July 30 provides is: 'That in order to secure continuity in the work of the Imperial War Cabinet and a permanent means of consultation *during the war* (the italics are my own) on the more important questions of common interest, the Prime Minister of each Dominion has the right to nominate a Cabinet Minister, either as a resident or visitor in London, to represent him at meetings of the Imperial War Cabinet to be held regularly between the plenary sessions.' Nothing is said about what is to happen after the war. And yet the period of reconstruction, necessarily one extending over many years, is fraught with far-reaching results to the Empire as a whole.

The suggestion I would make is that, pending the inauguration of a more complete form of federation, the Imperial War Cabinet should continue after the war as a permanent body to be styled the Imperial Cabinet. All that is necessary to bring this about is for the Dominions to appoint Ministers of Cabinet rank to reside in London for a term of years and endow them with plenipotentiary powers, except in such matters and on such occasions where time permits for consultation with the Dominion Cabinets, while obviously all questions of Imperial Finance would have to be decided by the local Parliaments. It may be said that the Imperial Cabinet will conflict with the duties now performed by the Governors-General. But their powers must be amended to suit the new situation, just as it has been decreed that the Prime Ministers of the Dominions, as members of the Imperial Cabinet, have the right of direct communication with the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, and *vice versa*, instead of passing all correspondence through the Secretary of State for the Colonies as hitherto has been the rule. Again, a very strict line, will have to be drawn between Imperial and domestic policy. For instance, any suggestion of submitting a question like the settlement of the Irish difficulty to the new Imperial Cabinet would, in my opinion, be *ultra vires*. Apparently Mr. Asquith and General Smuts do not take the same view, but I think I am correct in saying that the view I express is that of the majority of the Imperial War Cabinet.

But after all, these are details. The essential fact to bear in mind is, that by continuing the Imperial War Cabinet with its changed significance after the war is over we shall secure an Imperial Executive in which all parts of the Empire have an equal voice and an equal vote, a body actuated by one purpose and one purpose alone, the recognition, and the fullest recognition, of the vital principle of Empire.

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WHO ARE THE RUSSIAN ALLIES OF THE ALLIES?

THERE was never in this country a trace of enthusiasm for Allied military intervention in Russia. From bewildered acquiescence public opinion is now passing to critical questioning. None of us know much about these Russian expeditions, but there is one thing which all of us know. The original case for them has disappeared. The strategical argument for 'reconstituting the Russian front' is obsolete to-day. If these expeditions continue they must now be defended frankly on the ground that it is our interest to destroy Bolshevism by force of arms. It is evident that the undertaking will not be the easiest in the world. None of our expeditions has prospered so far. On the Murman front we have done little more than hold the coast. The Archangel force, after an ambitious attempt to advance into the interior, has had to retire to its base. The Baku force withdrew, with dire consequences to the inhabitants. In Siberia there has been no advance in force beyond Lake Baikal, save by the Czecho-Slovaks, and they are now demanding their right to return to their homes. If the war against Bolshevism is going to continue, it is evident that it will have to start virtually from the beginning and on a considerable scale. The plan which seems to find favor is a march from Odessa to Moscow.

Meanwhile, some illusions are lost and some salutary experiences gained. The legend that all Russia was eagerly awaiting the invader, and that her manhood would 'fall in' when our bugles sounded, is now discarded. Some months ago the more active politicians of most of the many non-Bolshevik progressive parties were for intervention, and did call in the Allies — though only, as they said, to fight the Germans. These parties were once the majority in Russia, though no one can say how strong they were then or are now. There is little doubt that many of them are now disillusioned. They do not desire foreign intervention in the internal affairs of Russia. To some extent, the more moderate Socialists have even rallied in recent weeks to Lenin's Government. They are not converts to Bolshevism, but they prefer native errors and excesses to foreign meddling. Such demand as there now is for foreign intervention comes mainly from the parties which speak for the small propertied class. All of them are now monarchists, and, all told, they were able to muster at most twelve votes in the ill-fated Constituent Assembly.

We argued from the first that the real choice in Russia lay between a Socialist régime (which need not be Bolshevik) based on peasant votes, and land-nationalization, and a monarchist régime, which could not be, even in name, democratic, since universal suffrage would always put an end to landed property. The event has justified our prediction. The Bolsheviki were always weakest in Siberia, for the simple reason that nearly every cultivator in those vast spaces owns land, and land enough. In the early days of intervention, a series of provisional governments existed in Siberia, none of them reactionary, some of them Moderate Socialist, some of them Progressive Coalition. The plan of intervention was, as we had supposed, to gather the late Constituent Assembly in Siberia, to constitute an administration based

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upon it, and then gradually to recover all Russia for an elective democracy of the Western type. Something of the kind was done at Omsk, and some part of the Assembly did meet.

That is now ancient history. None of these more or less regular democratic administrations survive. Most of Siberia is now under the authority of Admiral Koltchak, and his only rival is the equally reactionary Cossack leader Semenoff. There is no mistaking the political significance of Admiral Koltchak. He is frankly and openly a military dictator, too honest even to pretend to any popular sanction. Mr. Leslie Urquhart, the mining financier, who leads the British movement for intervention, described the views of his personal friend Koltchak at a company meeting recently in these terms: 'It is his firm conviction that law and order can only be reëstablished by military force, and that supreme power must be wielded by one hand.' His programme, in short, is autocracy. He has acted up to his convictions. Not only did he dissolve the former more or less Parliamentary administration at Omsk, he has imprisoned twelve members of the Constituent Assembly, including Victor Tchernoff, the ablest of Kerensky's colleagues. He pays his way apparently by reversing the ex-Tsar's temperance reforms (which even the Bolsheviki maintained), and his government lives by selling vodka.

In the light of these facts we are puzzled to interpret Lord Milner's plea for 'loyalty' towards our friends in Russia. What friends? Tchernoff and the imprisoned deputies? Kerensky, whom we keep virtually interned in England? Our present friends appear to include M. Miliukoff, who pleaded after the Brest peace for a Russo-German understanding, the Hetman of the Ukraine, the avowed tool of the German General Staff, and the Cossack General Krasnoff, who fought as an item in a mixed Russo-Austro-German army. Frankly, after reading Mr. Urquhart's plea for intervention, we discard the theory that it is for love or loyalty towards any body of Russians that we are intervening. Bolshevism is an unsatisfactory form of government. It has been stained with terrible crimes. But it may change for the better. The period of terrorism is over, we hope, and the administration is said to be improving in competence and in honesty. Let us recollect that we endured the still uglier spectacle of Tsarism with singular patience. The plain fact is, of course, that Admiral Koltchak stands for interests which have a great stake in Russia. He is Mr. Urquhart's friend. His financial adviser or minister happens to be the manager of Mr. Urquhart's companies. His most illuminating speech to his shareholders deserves to be widely read. He speaks on behalf of certain Siberian mines of coal, gold, copper, zinc, and lead which evidently are of fabulous value. One of them contains ore valued to yield profits at pre-war rates of £13,000,000, and that mine is only one of many. Add to this Irtysh Corporation, the Russo-Asiatic and the Russo-Canadian Group, and the case for intervention becomes intelligible. Our Russian 'friends' (to whom we must be 'loyal') come and go. One day ministers, and the next prisoners, one day pro-German and the next pro-Ally, they are a variable element. The copper and the gold, the spelter and the coal are always there.

On these facts the reader will dispense us, we trust, from further argument. We fail to see why British blood and treasure should be spent for the interests which Mr. Urquhart represents. We missed, in his speech, any offer to pay for the adventure out of the profits of that fabulous mine. The

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end of it all may well be the restoration of a despotism as bloody as Bolshevism and even less capable of developing into something milder and more human. Bolshevism may evolve; some of its worst features coincided with the foreign meddling. Its horrors are things for Russia to deal with, and if she is left alone she doubtless will. Neither here nor in France would public opinion tolerate a new war in Russia, even for a much better cause than this.

It now lies with the friends of the Russian people to propose an honorable exit. Lenin's Government, it seems, is anxious for an accommodation. The first condition is obviously that if the Bolsheviki wish to be let alone, they must let others alone. There must be no more inroads into the Borderland or Finland. There must be no more arming and subsidizing of 'Spartacus' bands in Berlin. Bolshevism must cease to be an armed doctrine. Outside Russia it must be content to propagate itself by argument. On these terms a policy of non-intervention is possible, coupled, maybe, with strong but indirect pressure in favor of milder and more civilized forms of government. It must be mutual. A frontier must be drawn which both sides will respect. When that is conceded, we have to consider the interest of our Russian clients in Siberia and elsewhere. In any event, their lives and persons must be protected. But we do not follow Lord Milner's argument that it is our duty to stay until they have completed their military organization. If Admiral Koltchak is inspired to fight for autocracy, that is his right. If he can pay for his campaigns by the sale of vodka, his methods are for Russians to judge. But he has no claim to an Allied subsidy nor to aid of Czecho-Slovaks whom we pay, still less to assistance from British levies. If the population of Siberia cares enough for autocracy and vodka to support him, that is its affair. If it prefers to take Victor Tchernoff and his colleagues out of jail, that does not concern us. If it relapses into Bolshevism once more, we are not responsible. If both sides were to ask for our mediation, we might be able to render good service, but we cannot combine mediation with armed meddling. Finally, there are Mr. Urquhart's companies to consider. We have always denied that capitalists who invest their money at some risk, for great gains in unstable countries, have the right to call on the Home Government for armed aid, be it in Mexico or in Russia. In this instance we have not the slightest doubt that so capable a captain of industry is well able to look after himself. Even Lenin and Trotzky are prepared to make terms with private capitalists, especially with foreigners. The obstacle to a peaceable arrangement is that the foreign capitalist prefers to summon foreign bayonets, and that is what no democracy which knew the facts would tolerate.

On these terms a negative *modus vivendi* might be reached, which would end intervention and leave Russia to manage her own affairs for herself. Once that stage is reached, we may go on to consider a more positive policy. Russia needs every kind of material aid, from locomotives and steam ploughs to the common screw and bolt. She will in turn, as she recovers, require a market for her exports. She might welcome engineers and every kind of organizing talent. If she trusted any of the Allies, it is possible that in return for aid of this kind she might be induced to stop the excesses which most justly offend us, and to modify some of her rasher experiments. Much may be done by friendly intercourse, which cannot be done either by formal di-

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plomacy or by armed intervention. America might act in the material field. The Socialist International, as it is reformed, might help in the political sphere. There is no need to formulate a positive policy in haste. The only urgent step is to bring interference to an end on the basis of mutual non-intervention. A week's discussion would suffice to arrange that. If the Allies persist with the plan of a march on Moscow it is clear that they will provoke a sharp and possibly decisive protest from labor. It was not for a Russian war that this country acquiesced in conscription.

The Nation

THE BROTHERS

BY STACY AUMONIER

In the twilight of his mind there stirred the dim realization of pain. He could not account for this nor for his lack of desire to thrust the pain back. It was, moreover, mellowed by the alluring embraces of an enveloping darkness, a darkness which he idly desired to pierce, and yet which soothed him with its caliginous touch. Some subconscious voice, too, kept repeating that it was ridiculous, that he really had control, that the darkness was due to the fact that it was night, and that he was in his own bed. In the room across the passage his mother was sleeping peacefully. And yet the pain, which he could not account for, seemed to press him down and to rack his lower limbs. There was a soothing interval of utter darkness and forgetfulness, and then the little waves of febrile consciousness began to lap the shores of distant dreams, and visions of half-forgotten episodes became clear and pregnant.

He remembered standing by the French window in their own dining-room, his mother's dining-room, rapping his knuckles gently on the panes. Beneath the window was the circular bed of hollyhocks just beginning to flower, and below the terrace the great avenue of elms nodding lazily in the sun. He could hear the coffee-urn on its brass tripod humming comfortably behind him while he waited for his mother to come down to breakfast. He was alone, and the newspaper in his hand was shaking. War! He could not grasp the significance of the mad news that lay trembling on the sheets. His mother entered the room, and as he hurried across to kiss her he noted the pallor of her cheeks.

They sat down, and she poured him out his coffee as she had done ever since he could remember. Then, fixing her dark eyes on his and toying restlessly with the beads upon her breast, she said:

'It's true, then, Robin?'

He nodded and his eyes wandered to the disfiguring newspaper. He felt as though he were in some way responsible for the intrusion of the world calamity into the sanctity of his mother's life; he muttered:

'It's a dreadful business, mother.'

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His gaze wandered again out of the window between the row of elms. Geddes, the steward, was walking briskly, followed by two collies. Beyond the slope was a hay-cart lumbering slowly in the direction of the farm. 'Parsons is rather late with the clover,' he thought. He felt a desire to look at things in little bits, the large things seemed overpowering, insupportable. Above all, his mother must not suffer. It was dreadful that anyone should suffer, but most of all his mother. He must devote himself to protecting her against the waves of foreboding that were already evident on her face. But what could he say? He knew what was uppermost in her mind — Giles! He had no illusions. He knew that his mother adored his elder brother more passionately than she did himself. It was only natural. He too adored Giles. Everybody did. Giles was his hero, his god. Ever since he could remember, Giles had epitomized to him everything splendid, brave, and chivalrous. He was so glorious to look at, so strong, so manly. The vision of that morning merged into other visions of the sunlit hours with Giles — his pride when quite a little boy if Giles would play with him; his pride when he saw Giles in flannels going in to bat at cricket; the terror in his heart when one day he saw Giles thrown from a horse, and then the passionate tears of love and thankfulness when he saw him rise and run laughing after the beast. He remembered that when Giles went away to school his mother found him crying, and told him he must not be sentimental. But he could not help it. He used to visualize the daily life of Giles and write to him long letters which his brother seldom answered. Of course he did not expect Giles to answer, he would have no time. He was one of the most popular boys at school and a champion at every sport.

Then the vision of that morning when the newspaper brought its disturbing news vanished with the memory of his mother standing by his side, her arm round his waist, as they gazed together across a field of nodding corn. . . .

Troubled visions then, of Giles returning post-haste from Oxford, of himself in the village talking to everyone he met about 'the dreadful business,' speaking to the people on the farm, and to old Joe Walters the wheelwright, whose voice he could remember saying:

'Ay, tha' woan't tak' thee, Master Robin.'

He remembered talking to Mr. Meads at the general shop, and to the Reverend Quirk, whose precise voice he could almost hear declaiming:

'I presume your brother will apply for a commission.'

He had wandered then up on to the downs and tried to think about 'the dreadful business' in a detached way, but it made him tremble. He listened to the bees droning on the heather, and saw the smoke from the hamlet over by Wodehurst trailing peacefully to the sky. 'The dreadful business' seemed incredible.

It was some days later that he met his friend Jerry Lawson wandering up there with a terrier at his heels. Lawson was a sculptor, a queer chap, whom most people thought a fanatic. Jerry blazed down on him:

'This is hell, Robin. Hell let loose. It could have been avoided. It's a trade war. At the back of it all is business, business, business. And millions of boys will be sacrificed for commerical purposes. Our policy is just as much at fault as — theirs. Look what we did at ——.'

For an hour he listened to the diatribe of Lawson, tremulously silent. He had nothing to reply. He detested

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politics and the subtleties of diplomacy. He had left school early owing to an illness which had affected his heart. He had spent his life upon these downs and among his books. He could not adjust the gentle impulses of his being to the violent demands of that foreboding hour. When Lawson had departed, he had sat there a long time. Was Lawson right?

He wandered home determining that he would read more history, more political economy; he would get to the root of 'this dreadful business.'

He wanted to talk to Giles, to find out what he really thought, but the radiant god seemed unapproachable; or rode roughshod over the metaphysical doubts of his brother, and laughed. Giles had no misgivings. His conscience was dynamically secure. Besides, there was 'the mater.'

'When I go, Rob, you must do all you can to buck the mater up.' He had looked so splendid when he said that, with his keen, strong face, alert and vibrant, Robin had not had it in his heart to answer. And then had come lonely days, reading new books and occasionally talking with Lawson. When Giles went off to his training he spent more time with his mother, but they did not discuss the dreadful thing which had come into their lives. His mother became restlessly busy, making strange garments, knitting, attending violently to the demands of the household. Sometimes in the evening he would read to her, and they would sit trying to hide from each other the sound of the rain pattering on the leaves outside. He had not dared talk to her of the misgivings in his heart or of his arguments with Lawson. . . .

And then a vision came of a certain day in October. The wind was blowing the rain in fitful gusts from the sea. He was in a sullen perverse mood. Watching his mother's face that morning, a sudden fact concerning her had come home to him. It had aged, aged during those three months, and the gray hair on that distinguished head had turned almost white. He felt within him a surging conflict of opposing forces. The hour of climacteric had arrived. He must see it once and for all clearly and unalterably. He had put on his mackintosh then and gone out into the rain. He walked up to the long wall by Gray's farm, where on a fine day he could see the sea; but not to-day, it was too wet and misty, but he could be conscious of it, and feel its breath beating on his temples.

He stood there, then, for several hours, under the protection of the wall, listening to the wind and to the gulls who went shrieking before it. He could not remember where he had wandered to after that, except that for some time he was leaning on a rock, watching the waves crashing over the point at Youlton Bay. And then in the evening he had written to Lawson.

'I want to see this thing in its biggest, broadest sense, dear Jerry.'

He knew he had commenced the letter in this way, for it was a phrase he had repeated to himself at intervals.

'Like you, I hate war and the thought of war. But, good heaven! need I say that? Everyone must hate war, I suppose. I agree with you that human life is sacred. . . . But would it be sacred if it stood still?—if it were stagnant?—if it were just a mass affair? It is only sacred because it is an expression of spiritual evolution. It must change, go on, lead somewhere. . . .

'Don't you think that we on this island have as great a right to fight for what we represent as any other nation? With all our faults and poses and hypocrisies, have n't we subscribed something to the commonweal of humanity?—something of honor, and justice, and equity? I don't believe

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you will deny all this. But even if you did, and even if I agreed with you, I still should not be convinced that it was not right to fight. As I walked up by the chalk-pit near Gueldstone Head, and saw the stone-gray cottages at Lulton nestling in the hollow of the downs, and smelled the dear salt dampness of it all, and felt the lovely tenderness of the evening light, I thought of Giles, and what he represents, and of my mother, and what she represents, and of all the people I know and love with all their faults, and I made up my mind that I would fight for it in any case, in the same way that I would fight for a woman I loved, even if I knew she were a harlot. . . .'

Lying there in his bed these ebullient thoughts reacted on him. Drowsiness stole over his limbs, and he felt his heart vibrating oddly. There seemed to be a sound of drums beating a tattoo, of a train rumbling along an embankment. And in fancy he was on his way to London again with the memory of his mother's eyes as she had said:

'Come back safely, Robin boy.'

The memory of that day was terrifying indeed. He was wandering about a vast building near Whitehall, tremulously asking questions, wretchedly conscious that people looked at him and laughed. And then that long queue of waiting men Some were so dirty, so obscene, and he felt that most of them were sniggering at him. A sergeant spoke sharply, and he shuddered and spilled some ink on one of the many forms he had to fill up. Everyone seemed rough and violent. After many hours of waiting he was shown into another room and told to strip. He sat on a form with a row of other men, feeling incredibly naked and very much ashamed. The window was open and his teeth chattered with the cold and the nervous tension of the desperate experience. A doctor spoke kindly to him, and an old major at a table asked him one or two questions. He was dismissed and waited interminably in another room. At last an orderly entered and called his name among some others, and handed him a card. He was rejected.

He returned to Wodehurst that evening shivering, and in a mood of melancholy dejection. He was an outcast among his fellows, a being with a great instinct towards expression, but without the power to back it up. The whole thing appeared so utterly unheroic, almost sordid. He wondered about Giles. If presenting one's self at a recruiting office was such a terrifying ordeal, what must the actual life of a soldier be? Of course Giles was different, but — the monotony, the cheerlessness of barrack life! And then the worse things beyond!

After that he would devour the papers and tramp feverishly on the downs; he tried to obtain work at a munition factory and was refused, made himself ill sewing bandages and doing chaotic odd jobs. And all the time he thought of Giles, Giles, Giles. What Giles was doing, how Giles was looking, whether he was unhappy, and whether they spoke to him brusquely, like the sergeant had to himself in London.

Then came the vision of the day when Giles came and bade farewell, on his way to France — a terrible day. He could not bring himself to look into his mother's eyes. He felt that if he did so he would be a trespasser peering into the forbidden sanctuary of a holy place. He hovered around her and murmured little banalities about Giles's kit, the train he was to catch, the parcel he was to remember to pick up in London. When it came to parting time, he left those two alone and fled out to the trap that was to take his brother to the station. He had waited there till Giles

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came, running and laughing and waving his hand. He drove with him to the station, and dared not look back to see his mother standing by the window. They were silent till the trap had passed a mile beyond the village; then Giles had laughed, and talked, and rallied him on his gloomy face.

'I'll soon be back, old man. Buck the mater up, won't you? Whoa! Tommy, what are you shying at? . . . By Jove! won't it be grand on the sea to-night!'

Oh, Giles! Giles! was there ever anyone so splendid, so radiant, so uncrushable? His heart went out to his brother at that moment, and he could not answer.

So closely were his own sympathies interwoven with the feelings of his brother, that he hardly noticed the moment of actual separation on the platform. His heart was with Giles all the way up to London, then in the train again, and upon the sea with him that night.

In his imagination, quickened by a close study of all the literature he could get hold of on the actual conditions out there, he followed his brother through every phase of his new life. He was with him at the base, in rest camps, and in dugouts, and more especially was he with him in those zigzagging trenches smelling of dampness and decay. On dark nights he would hear the scuttle of rats dashing through the wet holes. He would hear the shriek of shells, and the tearing and ripping of the earth. He would start up and try to make his way through the slime of a battered trench which always seemed to be crumbling, crumbling. In his nostrils would hang the penetrating smell of gases that had the quality of imparting terror. So vivid were his impressions of these things that he could not detach his own sufferings from that of his brother. There were times when he became convinced that either he or Giles was a chimera. One of them did not exist. . . . He seemed to stand for an eternity peering through a slit in a mud wall and gazing at another mud wall, and feeling the penetrating ooze of dying vegetation creeping into his body. Above his head would loom dark poles and barbarous entanglements. It was as though everything had vanished from the world but symbols of fear and cruelty, which rioted insanely against the heavens; as though everything that man had ever learned had been forgotten and destroyed; and he growled there in the wet earth, flaunting the feral passions of his remote ancestry. And the cold! — the cold was terrible. . . . He remembered a strange thing happening at that time. During some vague respite from the recurring horror of these imaginings, he had, he believed, been walking out through the meadows, when a numbness seemed to creep over his lower limbs. He could not get back. He had lain helpless in a field when George Carter, one of the farm hands, had found him and helped him home. He had been very ill then, and his mother had sent for Doctor Ewing. He could not remember exactly what the doctor said or what treatment he prescribed, or how long he had lain there in a semi-conscious state, but he vividly remembered hearing the doctor say one day: 'It's very curious, madam. I was, as you know, out at the front for some time with the Red Cross, and this boy has a fever quite peculiar to the men at the front. Has he been out standing in the wet mud?' He could not remember what his mother answered. He wanted to say: 'No, no, it's not I. It's Giles,' but he had not the strength, and afterwards wondered whether it were an illusion.

He knew that many weeks went by, and still they would not let him walk.

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That was his greatest trouble, for walking helped him. When he could walk, he could sometimes live in a happier world of make-believe, but in bed the epic tragedy unfolded itself in every livid detail, intensely real.

Long periods of time went by, and still he was not allowed to leave his room. His mother would come and sit with him and read him Giles's letters. They were wonderful letters, full of amusing stories of 'rags,' and tales of splendid feeds obtained under difficult circumstances. Of the conditions that existed so vividly in Robin's mind there was not one word. To read Giles's letters one would imagine that he was away on a holiday with a party of young undergraduates, having the time of their lives. But the letters had no reality to him. *He knew. He had seen it all.*

Time became an unrecognizable factor. Faces came and went. His mother was always there, and there appeared another kind face whom he believed to be a nurse; and sometimes Jerry Lawson would come and sit by the bed, and talk to him about the beauties of the quattrocento and other things he had forgotten, things which belonged to a dead world. . . .

Lying there in bed he could not detach these impressions very clearly, nor determine how long ago they had taken place. There appeared to be an unaccountable shifting of the folds of darkness, a slipping away of vital purposes, and a necessity for focusing upon some immediate development. This necessity seemed, somehow, emphasized by the overpowering pain that had begun to rack his limbs, more especially his right foot. He wanted to call out, but some voice told him that it would be useless. The night was too impenetrable and heavy, his voice would only die away against its inky pall. There was besides a certain soothing tenderness about it, as though it were caressing him and telling him that he must wait in patience and all would be well. He knew now that he was sleeping in the open, and that would account for the chilling coldness. At the same time it was not exactly the open. There were walls about and jagged profiles, but apparently no roof or distances. The ground was hard like concrete. He must be infinitely patient and pray for the dawn. . . . He began to feel the dawn before he saw it. It came like the caressing sigh of a woman as she wakes and thinks of her lover in some foreign clime. Somewhere at hand a bird was twittering, aware too of the coming miracle. Almost imperceptibly things began to form themselves. He was certainly behind a wall, but there was a door, with the upper part leaning in. A phrase occurred to his mind: 'The white arm of dawn is creeping over the door.' A lovely passage! he had read it in some Irish book. The angle at the top of the door was like a bent elbow. It was very, very like the white arm — of some Irish queen, perhaps, or of the Mother of men — a white arm creeping over the door, and in its whiteness delicately touching the eyelids of the sleeping inmates, while a voice in a soft cadence whispered: 'Awake! pull back the door, and let me show you the silver splendors of the unborn day!'

A heavy dew was falling and the cold seemed bitter, while all around he became aware of the slow unfolding of desolation; except for the leaning door, nothing seemed to take a recognizable shape, everything was jagged and violent in its form and exuded the cloying odors of death. Somewhere faintly he thought he heard the sound of a cornet, bizarre and fantastic, and having no connection with the utter stillness of this place of sorrow.

His eye searched the broken darkness in fugitive pursuit of a solution of the formless void. Quite near him, ap-

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parently, was an oblong board which amid this wilderness of destruction seemed to have escaped untouched. As the dim violet light began to reveal certain definite concrete things, he became aware that on the board were some Roman letters. He looked at them for some time unseeingly. The word written there stamped itself without meaning on his brain. The word was *Filles*. He repeated it to himself over and over again. The earth seemed to rock again with a sullen vibrating passion, as though irritated that the work of destruction was not entirely complete. Things already destroyed seemed to be subjected to further transmutation of formlessness. But still the board remained intact, and he fixed his eyes on it. It imbued him with a strange sense of tranquillity. *Filles!* A little word, but it became to him a link to cosmic things. The desire to reason passed, as the ability to suffer passed. Across the mists of time he seemed to hear the laughter of children. He could almost see them pass. There were Jeannette and Marie, with long black pigtails and check frocks, and just behind them, struggling with a heavy satchel, little fair-haired Babette. How they laughed, those children! and yet he could not determine whether their laughter came from the years that had passed or from the years that were to come. But wherever the laughter came from, it seemed the only thing the powers of darkness could not destroy. He lay then for a long time, conscious of a peace greater than any he could have conceived. And the white arm of dawn crept over the door.

. . . . . .

The crowd who habitually came down by the afternoon train trickled out of the station and vanished. The master of Wodehurst came limping through the doorway. His face was bronzed and perhaps a little thinner, but his eyes laughed, and his voice rang out to the steward waiting in the dogcart:

'Hullo! Sam, how are you?'

He was leaning on two sticks, and a porter followed with his trunks.

'Can I help you up, sir?'

'No, it's all right, old man; I can manage.'

He pulled himself up and laughed because he hit his knee upon the mudguard.

'It's good to be home, Sam.'

'Yes; I expect your mother will be glad, sir,' answered Geddes, touching up the horse. 'And so will we all, I'm thinking.'

They clattered down the road, and the high spirits of the wounded warrior rose. He asked a thousand questions, and insisted on taking the reins before they had gone far. It was dusk when they began to draw near Wodehurst; a sudden silence had fallen on Giles. The steward realized the reason. He coughed uncomfortably. They were passing within a hundred yards of Wodehurst Church. Suddenly he said in his deep burr:

'We were all very sorry, sir, about Master Robin.'

The eyes of the soldier softened; he murmured:

'Poor old chap!'

'I feel I ought to tell you, sir. It was a very queer thing. But one day that young Mr. Lawson — you know, the sculptor — about a week after it all happened, he must have got up at daybreak, I should say — nobody saw him do it. He must have gone down there to the churchyard with his tools, and — what do you think? He carved something on the stone — on Mr. Robin's stone.'

Giles said quickly: 'Carved! What?'

'He carved just under the name and date, "He died for England."'

'"He died for England!" He carved

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that on Robin's grave! What did he mean?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'Really! What a rum chap he must be!'

'We did n't know what to do about it, sir. I saw it and I did n't like to tell your mother, and nobody likes to interfere with a tombstone, it seems profane-like. So there it is to this day."

'Thank you, Sam. I'll think about it.'

'Have you had much pain with your foot, sir?'

Giles laughed, and flicked the horse.

'Oh, nothing to write home about, Sam. I had a touch of fever, you know. I did n't tell the mater. It was later on that I got this smash of my right foot. It happened at ——, I've forgotten the name; some damned little village on the Flemish border. I was lucky in a way, the shrapnel missed me. It was falling stonework that biffed up my foot. There was a building, a sort of school I should think. It got blown to smithereens. It was rather a nasty mess-up. I was there for seven hours before they found me ——. Hullo! I see the mater standing at the gate.'

The horse nearly bolted with the violence of Giles's waving arms. . . .

The dinner — all the dishes that Giles specially loved — was finished. With his arm around his mother's waist and a cigar in the corner of his mouth, he led her into the warm comfort of the white-paneled drawing-room.

'You won't mind my smoking in here to-night, mater?'

'My dear boy!'

They sat in silence, watching the red glow of the log fire. Suddenly Giles said:

'I say, mater, do you know, an awfully rum thing Geddes told me?'

His mother looked up.

'I think perhaps I know. Do you mean the — cemetery?'

Giles nodded, puffing at his cigar in little nervous inhalations.

'Yes. I knew. I saw it, of course. I've sat and wondered.'

'Such a rum thing to do! What do you think we ought to do about it, mater?'

He saw his mother lean forward; the waves of silver hair seemed to enshrine the beautiful lines of her drawn face, her voice came whispering:

'Had n't we better leave it, Giles? . . . Perhaps he really did die for England?'

The young man glanced at her quickly. He saw her aged and broken by the war. He thought of his brother. . . . Then he caught sight of his own face in the mirror, lean, youthful, vigorous. The old tag flashed through his mind:

'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

He thrust away that emotional expression, and in the manner of his kind stayed silent, rigid, with his back to the fire. And suddenly he said:

'I say, mater, won't you play me something? Chopin, or one of those Russian Johnnies you play so rippingly?'

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AN ENGLISHWOMAN VOTES

'So it really is true!' I exclaimed, as I filled in the registration papers which for the first time included me as an elector. Up to that moment, when I saw the space set apart for my name, I had not, despite the compliments of Lords and Commons, and, much more efficacious and amazing, their votes, really believed that the thing would come to pass, and as a woman and a wife I should have a vote. Having a great faith in governments, however, and having seen the magic form filled in and dispatched, I felt that the matter was settled. Even J., who has no faith in any government, seemed to think it might be taken as settled, and congratulated me. It was an agitated friend who raised a doubt by imploring me to investigate the list of voters and make sure that the government had not, after all, left my name out. She seemed to feel that the mere registration form might have been but a variation of the government's compliment to women and would end in nothing. I discovered the list of voters at a local post office, and all doubt was dispelled when I saw my name, duly registered as an elector. There are many women, no doubt — particularly those who have always appeared to regard politics as a sort of masculine hobby or an idiosyncrasy of the male temperament — to whom the coming of the vote is of no account. To me it was an event. I do not mean that I ejaculated anything about my rights or overwhelmed J. with feminist rhapsodies. But I was thrilled, nevertheless. My interest in the affairs of the world could now become practical instead of theoretic. I need no longer sit and *hope* that J. would vote for Local Option, let us say, but could vote for it myself whatever J. thought of it. I had now a small morsel of that power which it is the fashion for many men to deride, but for which they would fight to the last of their strength — the power of the elector, the power to express individuality.

When Mr. Lloyd George decided he would like a general election as a relief from the war, fresh and impressive tributes to my new dignity began to arrive. After the nominations of candidates came a quantity of literature. Now I am not new to elections, though I am to being an elector. I was brought up in an atmosphere of politics. In my youth the whole period of an election was one of the greatest and most painful excitement. I sat up delightfully late in the evenings folding bills lettered in crude but gorgeous colors. I remember to this day the piles of leaflets which we used to rub in the centre with a finger nail till they were converted into spiral columns, so that each bill could rapidly be picked up by the corner. As we folded, we discussed the prospects with zest and partisanship. When we went out we feverishly counted the placards displayed for our candidate and balanced them against those displayed for our opponent. Our house was plastered with posters which caused rude little boys to hoot outside our windows. Peering through some chink left by the placards, I scorned them for their ignorance, while experiencing at the same time something of that exultation which has inspired martyrs and upholders of great and noble causes through the centuries. I did not jeer back, not because I had nothing to say, but because I was ter-

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ribly afraid of rude little boys. It was not, then, the literature of the election that was a novelty, but its manner of coming. 'Mr. and Mrs. Blank' was the direction on one of the earliest documents. 'Observe,' I remarked to J., 'I am now regarded by the authorities as a separate entity. Though put in the same envelope, I am recognized as a distinct content. Your name no longer serves for both.' But things quickly improved upon this. The election addresses came separately to 'Mr. Blank,' 'Mrs. Blank.' 'Now I am indeed an elector!' I exclaimed as I fingered mine. We had several candidates, and they all begged for my vote with an earnestness and an apparent candor that were most moving. They also all sent their photographs, and if the majority vote for good looks, thought I, the least deserving character of the lot is going to win. He was so handsome and urbane. Among our bunch was a lady candidate who looked very youthful and attractive, and who announced over and over again that she was a wife and mother, and therefore — the presumption ran — knew exactly what everybody wanted. I wondered how this would appeal to the men. Anyway, I felt sure it would be demanded of her sooner or later why she 'did n't go home and mind the baby.' It seems very difficult to satisfy the public. Unmarried women are suspect because they have no homes and babies. Married women are equally suspect because they are supposed to have both. All the candidates assured me they had a passion for social reform. They were all likewise consumed with fervor on behalf of our soldiers and sailors, though none among them ventured upon figures. Indeed, except for one candidate who, with an eye for local color, made a sporting offer in regard to a local project, the election addresses might, as to the main points, have been written in the same committee rooms. The simple-minded voter might have demanded of the candidates: 'Why, if you all want the same things, are you all out against one another?' But I flatter myself — if it is a matter for flattery — that I am not simple-minded. For anyone who could read between the lines, those addresses were a wonderful study in ingenuity, compromise, and — yes, I must use it — camouflage. I did not go to an election meeting, though many placards invited me. I know such meetings of old, knowledge born of suffering, of their crude election oratory and innuendo. According to report, our constituency was lucky in its candidates. All were eloquent, all had charming personalities. As I did not want to vote for a personality but a programme, I stopped at home and read the addresses. But if I avoided the meetings, I did not avoid the canvasser. Not that I wished to do so, and in fact I enjoyed her visit very much. She was canvassing for the lady candidate, and the first thing she did was to assure me that though Mrs. —— was handsome in her photograph, she was much more handsome in reality, which was a pleasant thing to know. I love to see beautiful women. I liked to think that our district might send a beautiful woman to the new House. My canvasser also repeated the statement that Mrs. —— was a wife and mother, and added that she also knew a great deal about engineering, as she had once worked in a munition factory. What more could a humble elector ask? She besought my promise to vote for this gifted and delectable woman. I demurred. I did not care to make a definite promise, on principle. She agreed as to principle, but in practice urged a promise. I said I was not happy on one point in Mrs. ——'s programme. She glowed reassurance upon me. What was it? She would clear it

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up at once. I told her. Her face broke into radiant smiles. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'that's quite all right. Mrs. —— was asked that very question only the other night and answered it quite satisfactorily.' 'What did she say?' I naturally asked. 'Oh, I was n't there, and I don't remember exactly *what* she said, but it was quite all right!' I could urge nothing further against such happy confidence. As I still declined the promise, she displayed her canvassing card, and let me into secrets. If I promised, she could put a cross against my name, and then I should be, I gathered, disposed of, and she could sleep in peace. If I was obdurate, she would have to mark me — she looked at me sorrowfully — 'uncertain.' She gazed at me piteously. I felt a self-opinionated wretch, a being puffed into arrogance by a new dignity. But my principle still held me, though I forsook it outwardly and basely fell back upon J. Strong-minded women, I know, will despise me for this. I said I wished to discuss it with my husband first, though I was quick to add, being of the twentieth century, I should not be influenced by him. She received the assurance with politeness but obvious incredulity. She is now convinced, I am sure, that J. is the sort of husband you dare not disagree with. She came again, when presumably I had discussed with — or been bullied by — poor J. She was doing her canvassing between bouts of shopping and housekeeping. I had seen her go by laden with baskets. I saw her in my imagination, rushing out to me again and again, exhausted, yet persistent. I had not the heart to refuse. Principle went by the board, and I gave her a definite 'something' to put on her card. After all, many people do not, as J. had said, vote as promised. They must be old electors. I am very new, and my electoral conscience is as yet tender. But my first experience as a canvassed person convinces me that canvassing itself is a great mistake. There might be a slight justification for it in the argument that canvassers as informed persons could answer queries or settle vexed points. Most canvassers, however, are gifted more with courage than common sense, and this, the only prop of the system, falls.

The climax of my experiences came, of course, on polling day. I was very nervous as the time approached. I knew nothing of the inside of polling stations, and they loomed before me strange and secret — as mysterious as a Masonic meeting. My predominant fear was that at the fatal moment I should, from nervousness, put the cross against the wrong person. All my life through I have been let down by fear at moments of crisis. Suppose, in an agonized moment, I put my cross against the urbane one! True, I could get another voting-slip if one was spoiled, but to vote once, even if wrongly, would be, I felt, quite an achievement. Twice would be impossible. I think the quantities of advice sent out by candidates beseeching us *not* to vote for Mr. A—— or Mrs. B—— make for confusion. I don't believe I should have dreamed of doing such a silly thing if the cards had not suggested the possibility. J., of course, gave me instruction, but my mind grew cloudy as we approached the polling station. I was somewhat reassured when I saw the number of policemen, including a sergeant, in the hall. I think that up to that moment I had imagined a polling station a sort of place where candidates and their supporters had a free fight for votes — or at any rate watched your every movement with hungry eyes. But with the police about there must be, I thought, to J.'s great amusement, fair play. J. has the usual British contempt for his own institutions. I fol-

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lowed J. to a small table, where someone, who was apparently the chairman, shouted at J., 'Your number?' We had forgotten to verify them, I know. 'It's all over,' I thought. I was in despair. But J. is an old elector. The chairman turned up our names. J. was given a stamped paper and was torn from me by a policeman who stood guard over the ballot box. J. wished to wait for me, but the policeman would have none of these sentimentalities. 'Over there,' he said sternly to J., and the chairman looked up and said soothingly, 'She'll be along in a minute.' I felt very forlorn. I committed *faux pas*, as I knew I should without J. I informed the chairman that my name came next to that of J., and that in fact I lived in the same house, all of which he seemed to know, and dismissed with contempt. I held out my hand for my voting paper before it was ready, thus giving the impression — the last I wished to give — that I was a fierce feminist hungering for my vote. Finally, I was led away by a policeman and put carefully into a separate cubicle from J. I simply dared not peep into J.'s box for fear of the police and the chairman, so I shakily put a cross against some name, the right one I hoped, and then fled. The policeman, J., the chairman, and a lady at the table all helped me to get my paper into the box with its stern janitor, and then I was free to go. Once outside, I paused and looked back to get a clearer impression. It all seemed quite simple from outside. I saw pleasant-looking old married couples going in hand in hand, as it were, to vote, and groups of women making joke of it to hide a little nervous flurry. My nervousness receding, the tide of enthusiasm returned. I exulted in the thought that I had given a vote for the candidate that I believed in. I had justified my new dignity.

The Spectator

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD AGAIN

BY REBECCA WEST

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S literary career has been one long specialization in the *mot injuste;* and hence, as the whole aim of memoirs is to be accurately and vivaciously descriptive, her recollections do not make such good reading as their material promises. She met most of the notable Victorians, she lived at Oxford in the splendid sixties and seventies, she had a unique opportunity for insight into the soul of her time when *Robert Elsmere* became the focus of the great post-Darwinian religious discussion. But nothing of this gets past that style which, in the utter wrongness of all its ingredients, reminds us of nothing so much as grocer's cake. Once more Mrs. Humphry Ward presents us not with a work of art but with the artistic enigma of her own case. We wonder again how it is possible that a person of such vehement energy can pour it out unstintedly on the production of literature and yet never be able to transmute it to creative energy. It

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seems as if her energy would not rise above the wrist. Indefatigably her hand covers page after page, but her mind takes in impressions without vigor and performs its business of inventing phrases languidly and nervelessly. In these chapters in which she has briskly set about to tell us what she knew of Jowett and J. R. Green and Mark Pattison she mentions them rather than describes them, and conveys hardly as much of their world as Mr. Kenneth Graham does when he writes in *The Wind in the Willows* that 'The clever men at Oxford know all that there is to be knowed.' Her favorite adjective for the great men she knew is 'kind'; and while she proves by an exhaustive citation of the letters they wrote to her about her novels, that this description is accurate, it remains inadequate. Reading this volume is like watching a very forceful person hanging up faded photographs, which at the best of times can never have been very good likenesses, on all the wrong places of the wall.

Yet certain things emerge. There are one or two interesting anecdotes — most notably that heartrending story of the Shakespearean First Folio with margins covered with contemporary notes which the ignorant Valladolid librarian consigned to his *brasero* when he was clearing his shelves of rubbish — and numerous self-revelations which give us a heightened sense of Mrs. Humphry Ward's personality. There is much that is attractive in the spectacle of the ambitious girl, impressed by the intellectual romance of being an Arnold, casting about for the best way of using her brains, very much as a clever young man might do; working hard at early Spanish history, trying her hand at the *Primer of English Literature* that was afterwards carried out by Stopford Brooke, contributing to the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, and in later life acting as examiner for the Taylorian Scholarship. There is certainly much that is honorable in the social work she performed in connection with the Passmore Edwardes Settlement and the Play Centre Movement. And there is something magnificent about her career as a novelist. There is greatness in her assumption of greatness; in the large calm of her burglarious entrance into the hall of fame and the grand manner with which — if one may put is so — she gets away with the swag; in the immodest solemnity with which she refers to her literary processes, and her solid certainty that she is an artist. There is a sublime chapter here in which Mrs. Humphry Ward — although unfortunately unable to recall accurately either the titles of his books or the names of his characters, or to provide criticism of his work which comes up to any adult standard — treats Mr. Henry James with the reverence she owes to an equal. She is quite matey with him. There is also a passage on the novelists of to-day which shows that Mrs. Humphry Ward has caught from Mr. Frederic Harrison the habit of 'cheeking' her juniors, and which is unlike anything that ever happened in print before except a manifesto issued to the public some time ago by Miss Marie Corelli, in which that lady declared herself willing to bide her time and establish her title to undying fame when those phantoms of a day, Bennett and Wells and Conrad and Galsworthy, had passed to oblivion. Mr. Galsworthy is patted on the head — that dignified head — and given the critical equivalent of a bun. But 'Tono-Bungay' is 'a piece of admirable fooling'; and in the ensuing peppery pronouncement on the worthlessness of Mr. Wells's work we stand dumb while Mrs. Ward, who alone among authors, writes as though she

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were carrying an umbrella in the other hand, reproaches a fellow writer for lack of charm. *The Old Wives' Tale* is 'ugly'; and while one hears the noise of a scuffle on Olympus, as though they were finding it difficult to keep order among the Muses, Mrs. Ward informs Mr. Bennett that he 'has not justified his method.' There is greatness about all this. Even when it is Impertinence it is great.

There is, moreover, a certain amount of historical interest in these recollections. They illumine a period which it is highly important that we should understand, since so many of our institutions and our beliefs are grown from seed scattered then; and which it is very difficult to understand, because it is so recent and we are confused in our estimate both by the self-flattery of those Victorians who are still with us and the controversial libels of those moderns who were born sufficiently close to it to have to battle with it. Among the most significant things in this book is Mrs. Humphry Ward's pride at being an Arnold. It is something much more than the pride of belonging to a distinguished family; it amounts to a claim of sacred blood. So might Cleopatra claim to be descended from the black kitten of the sacred white cat. She summons Charlotte Brontë from her grave, in a way that suggests that there ought to be a fine for unnecessarily invoking the dead as there is for pulling the communication cord without reason, and trounces her for having dared to express a doubt to a friend whether Mrs. Arnold had a strong character as well as being good and charming. She indulges in an exceedingly rude footnote about Mr. Lytton Strachey, whose essay on Doctor Arnold she resents with what, since Doctor Arnold died long before she was born, must be the pangs of outraged ancestor-worship rather than family affection. And it recalls to us that in those days there was a real intellectual hierarchy, the members of whom spoke as those having authority to a people who believed in the validity of that authority. Nowadays those who speak to the people would claim inspiration rather than authority, and their audience preserves an open mind until the matter is heard out. But that sense of the necessity of external sanctions ran through all the Victorian world, even to its religious controversy. Not now would a Christian apologist argue, as Liddon in his Bampton Lectures on the Divinity of Our Lord, that the authority with which Christ spoke must be explained not only by his spiritual majesty but by his divine rank; nor an Agnostic like F. W. Newman be led to question the divinity of Christ by his 'self-assertion.' These things would seem irrelevant considerations to us now, with our belief that a man must speak as the spirit moves him. We are all Quakers nowadays.

This hieratic society, which seems artificial and arrogant to us, was doubtless necessitated by the different emotional temper of the times. They were always seeking to make institutions that would bind the volcanic will of mankind, that would force its errant spirit to move within seemly limitations because they had hotter blood than ours. They were more subject to and more impressed by emotional explosions. That Mrs. Humphry Ward has already shown us in the behavior of her characters and their extraordinary physical abandonment; Catherine Elsmere, for instance, accompanied her husband's spiritual adventures with an *obligato* of tears and burning flushes and was always, as cinema producers say, 'registering' some emotion. So far as that goes Mrs. Ward's novels were evidently a fair enough picture of the world that was convulsed with a fury

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of religious controversy and was ready to be passionately stirred by the eloquence of such preachers as Stanley and Pusey and Liddon (who 'came down from the pulpit white and shaken, dripping with perspiration'). No doubt many of the things that strike us as flaws in Mrs. Humphry Ward's assumptions of Papacy, her narrow political views and her limitless faith in the decency and respectability of reaction, are survivals of a time when intellectuals felt it their duty to live cautiously in a world that seemed changing too rapidly and too radically. We would be willing to pay her a certain honor for her real achievements if it were not for the literary pretensions which she has never shown more brazenly than in this volume. But there is nothing to be said when a sound and serviceable piece of mahogany furniture insists that it is really Chippendale.

EDMOND ROSTAND

BY ALFRED POIZAT

ROSTAND is dead. He heard the call of Destiny at Cambo, and hurried to Paris to be ready for that hour which God had prepared for him in Paris, still decked with the flags of victory. And thus the death of the poet takes on a symbolic coloring. *Chantecler* departs with the illusion of having caused the sun of Victory and the Great Revenge to rise, that sun of which he was so truly the prophetic clarion.

His was the opportunity, his the genius to sound in the ears of the world, in days of national prostration and doubt, the clear song of the Gallic race. Not the song of France, for there is to be found in that song a something beyond the voice of *Cyrano*. There is more to France than a 'white plume,' there is a soul that dwells sometimes under a plume, sometimes under no plume whatever. There exists a sound, noble, and harmonious, French genius which is capable of silence and patience and disdains shouting from the roof top. It is that genius which one finds under the pensive brows of Foch and Pétain, and in the work of Descartes, Pascal, Molière, and La Fontaine.

And there is a Gallic genius, even as there is a Spanish genius, and an Italian genius — a thing brilliant, delicate, enthusiastic, impulsive, charming, ostentatious, impatient of all restraint, and always ready to toss everything to the winds and play the cavalier. This genius comes to its full fruition in national literatures. It gives huge pleasure to the people of the nation whose individuality it exalts, and after having made a certain stir in the world, retires within its own frontiers. For it ever fails to bring the world those great themes for meditation, the experience, the wisdom, and the thought of which the world has need. The prodigious success of Rostand with *Cyrano de Bergerac* was the explosion of a literary nationalism of this kind; it symbolized, in the world

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of poetry, one of those many crises brought to pass by a patriotism which did not accept the Great Defeat.

France was then sullenly ill at ease concerning the politics and the literature which were being presented to her. She felt herself exploited, invaded by mysterious bands of dwarfs who were undermining her foundations, and chilled by a fog of bizarre ideas, blown from lands to the north, ideas which she vaguely held to be poisonous. Naturalism oppressed her. She saw nothing good in the little circles of symbolists and 'décadents' which were attracting the young intelligentsia. She was angry at not being able to understand this poetry unsuited to the profane. How was it that if poets did not have evil intentions, they took such care to hide their ideas in obscurity? The importance of the great work, and the revival of study going on in the schools could not be understood by the commonality. There was, nevertheless, something very noble in the reaction of the symbolists against the fevered search of worldly success and the mania of advertising. If it is true that real poetry cannot exist without the participation of the nation, it is well to tell the general public that its preferences and consecrations remain superficial and do not offer the necessary guaranties of greatness. The symbolists refused to recognize the authority of universal suffrage, and disdainfully proclaimed that poetry was a realm of right divine.

Whatever one may think of it now, the triumph of *Cyrano* was the perplexed and exasperated reaction of nationalism in literature. A thousand threatened interests took part in this reaction. It was the revenge of all the poets whose renown had dimmed, of those whom the arrival of the symbolists had stopped in mid-career. Rostand was, at the bottom, a Coppée who had succeeded, a kind of whirlwind Mendés. He gave life and prestige to their formulas of art. And the aid was the more precious since it came from a very young man, thus proving that youth, when it had talent, had a talent similar to that of its elders. Parnassus, or perhaps the Romantic Parnassus, which had been thought dead, was coming to its own at last with extraordinary force. And the critical school, then in the hands of the Parnassians and their friends, beat their drums in a somewhat gross and provoking manner.

Our sentiment, that is, the sentiment of most all of us in the young schools, was one of sadness. I say sadness and not jealousy. Few of us were then thinking of the theatre, but all of us dreamed of seeing a pure and noble drama marked by a high reserve. *Cyrano* appeared to us a backward step. The very acclamations of the delirious mob seemed to us a certain indication of the truth of our view. Neither Racine nor Shakespeare had ever produced such effects. *Cyrano* tossed us back into the heyday of Romanticism; it freshened the claptrap of the Romanticists; it plunged us back for twenty years into the musketeer style, into literary gilt and tinsel.

It was evidently some sort of a masterpiece. The dramatic power of the play, its *verve*, its genius even could not be denied. But it was, judged by its matter, general form, and style, a masterpiece of inferior quality, of a certain coarseness even.

Nevertheless, we had been following Rostand with sympathy. His *Princesse Lointaine*, his *Samaritaine* represented a genuine effort towards the beauty of the theatre, an effort of extraordinary power. Of course there was some froth in the abundant torrent of his poetry, and now and then his ideas became confused. But it was all very lovely and surprising.

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But after the presentation of *Cyrano*, we understood that Rostand was lost forever to great poetry.

Triomphe oblige. He knew it himself. He was to be in the future the man who made great sums, he was no longer free to do what he would with his life or even his house. He knew that they were watching him for the first sign of failure. At all costs, he must make a material success; all that he was asked to do was to make money. He sought a popular subject sure of its effect. There was then in France a strong Napoleonic movement, sustained and developed by the publications of Frederic Masson. Rostand chose L'Aiglon, a bad subject to treat in verse, as are indeed all subjects of modern history, even though Victor Hugo set the key for it. But the necessities of a rapid and abrupt dialogue forced the author to make use of a tongue which was neither really prose nor really verse, but a something hard, rocky, ill fitted, constrained, and fantastic. Then, after a long wait and a long regathering of his forces, during which he was seeking a subject able to uphold his prodigious reputation, he hit upon *Chantecler*. He was condemned to seek an effect of surprise as well as one of force. He wished to give an impression of all-encompassing life, and to do it, drowned himself in detail. Wishing to have too many things in his play, he crowded it so that it cracked. But it was a gold mine which brought him in more than a million francs.

The reaction from Rostand dates from this hour. His *Ode to the Tsarina* had already caused laughter. The faults of Rostand had begun to appear. Even in the provinces, whosoever imagined himself a critic of literature, thought it quite the thing to speak of Rostand as the Georges Ohnet of poetry.

His death, however, will restore him his prestige. It is to the author of *Cyrano*, more than anything else, that Paris of the Victory renders the last homage. In Rostand was incarnate the popular soul of an epoch. And that epoch is descending to the grave with him, but the man shall not be entirely hidden away in the earth.

In reality Rostand's memory will be that of one of the greatest dramatic poets of the nineteenth century. His work includes but six pieces, of which one should be eliminated, *L'Aiglon*, for though it may continue to hold the stage it does not properly belong to literature.

His career began in 1894, with his comedy, *Les Romanesques*, which has since formed a part of the repertoire of the *Comédie Française*. In spite of this circumstance, I do not believe that there is ground for considering this piece other than as a work of youth. It is a well-bred comedy, lively, agreeable, and well constructed, doubtless, but it might easily have been signed by some other name. It is second rate de Musset put into rhyme by a brilliant disciple of de Banville. Evidently there can be found, under this double disguise, the most brilliant characteristics and faults which were later to distinguish the author; there may be noted also that sense of the theatre in which he surpassed his models. But this is not Rostand's own drama; it is the drama of a school already on the down grade.

He opens his wings widely for the first time with his *Princesse Lointaine*, played by Sarah Bernhardt and her company at the Renaissance. The poet was then but 27 years old, having been born at Marseilles in 1868.

The theme is as lovely as any a poet could dream of. It deals with the legend of a troubadour prince, the youth Jofroy Rudel, who hearing cer-

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tain pilgrims from the Holy Land tell of Melisande, Princess of Tripoli, fell in love with her, and sought her out only to die at her feet. Heinrich Heine had already made of it a touching poem.

The first act is an astounding marvel. The poetry lives less in the verses, though there are some very lovely ones, than in the coil of dreams which sustains the dialogue and in the supreme art with which the poet has created his atmosphere and his characters, his ship and his action. No Frenchman has ever equaled Rostand in his management of crowds on the stage. The more folk there are to move about, the more one feels that Rostand is thoroughly at home. It is wonderful, indeed, to see all this mimic world of minor characters, each one recognizable by some trait of character — to see them going about their ways, not at all interfering with each other, but bringing to the drama an extraordinary force, life, and *élan*. On last analysis, it is by means of this naïve crowd, so picturesquely variegated and alive, that Rostand manages the action of his dramas. From act to act an enthusiasm ripens into a kind of poetic madness. In this respect, the first act of *La Princesse Lointaine* is a finished model, a masterpiece of art and science. This rare gift alone would rank Rostand among the greatest of dramatic authors.

Aboard the vessel which bears the dying poet towards his dream, the sailors themselves, mere pirates, whose conscience is sullied with many a murder, become amorous of the poet's fancy, and dying of hunger and worn out by fatigue, continue to row on in the hope of seeing the beauty. The chaplain and the physician of Jofroy's house have followed the little Prince; there is also to be found aboard the *trouvère*, Bertrand d'Almanon, whom the poetry of adventure and friendship has led to join the expedition. And Bertrand revives the courage of his companions by songs celebrating the beauty of Melisande.

Eh bien, bons mariniers, je veux
Vous le raconter encore une:
Du soleil rit dans ses cheveux
Dans ses yeux rêve de la lune;

Un je ne sais quoi de secret
Rend sa grâce unique et bien sienne
Grâce de Sainte qui serait
En même temps, Magicienne!

Telle, en son bizarre joli
De Française un peu Moabite,
Mélissinde de Tripoli
Dans un grand palais clair habite!

Telle nous la verrons bientôt,
Si n'ont menti les témoignages
Des pèlerins, dont le manteau
Est bruissant de coquillages!

This is a pretty song. It was then a something quite new, and directly born of the notions which pleased the young symbolists. One might have thought the lines written by a provincial Henri de Régnier. Let us turn to the suave couplets in which the chorus of pilgrims address Melisande.

Un Pèlerin

La Palme redira nos durs chemins — le lys
Ta beauté qui nous fut la meilleure oasis!

Deuxième Pèlerin

La Palme nous dira le sévère trophée
Le lys, le souriant souvenir d'une fée!

Troisième Pèlerin

Adieu Princesse, lys toi-même de beauté!

Quatrième Pelèrin

Lys toi-même de grace et de gracilité.

All this had the right ring to it, and clearly indicated that the young author possessed a balanced and delicate sense of the conventions of poetry. Ah! why did he not stop there, and retire for a little toil and meditation, why did he not make more use of the de Régniers and the Maeterlincks? His foot was

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firmly placed on the road of a splendid art. How willingly would I not have given two dozen *Aiglons* and *Cyranos* for two or three *Princesse Lointaines* brought to perfection.

It is true that it was too difficult to continue along that road. Even in the middle of the second act, the poet, arrived at a crossroads, took the wrong one and lost his way. For there were then, in addition to the influence of symbolism, other literary influences which could not help seeming new and legitimate to a dramatic poet — above all, the influence of the dramatic school of which Paul Hervieu was the leader. Rostand, finding himself face to face with the kind of situation Hervieu loved to treat, thought himself obliged to treat it in the manner of Hervieu or de Porto-Riche. He allowed himself to fall from the heights of his dream into the emotional tangles of that worldly comedy which has since become so wearisome.

Here is the scene. The ship has arrived off Tripoli, but Jofroy Rudel is too ill to be carried ashore; Bertrand d'Almanon offers to seek the Princess and swears to bring her back.

The Princess is guarded by a giant, the terrible Knight of the Green Crest, who allows no one to enter. But Bertrand threatens, all by himself, to take the castle by assault. He cuts down the sentinels, he cuts down the Knight of the Green Crest, and, wounded, finds himself at length in the presence of the Princess, to whom, following his friend's desire, he recites the ballad which the poor lover has composed for her. The Princess already knows it by heart, for Pilgrims have told her often that a young Prince of the West is dying for love of her. To this point, the action is a thing of admirable poetry! But once arrived at this stage, an unfortunate change begins which continues for some time. Surely it was clear enough that the Princess thought Jofroy himself before her, or at any rate was stirred by his young, brave, and handsome messenger. To preserve the high level of the play, this growing emotion should have been cut short in a rapid scene, and the reality worked out in terms of poetry and the sublime. The public and the reader should see only flames of fire. Melisande, so like a gorgeous figure of mediæval glass, should never have been torn from her window. But instead of making her the heroine of poetry whom the public awaited, Rostand made of her a heroine of Hervieu, thinking perhaps to transform her into an Omphale or a Delilah, and in so doing he required too much of his character. As a result there follows a mediocre and painful act and a half, during which the charm of the play is torn apart. The author resumes the grand manner in the last act, but the reader tries in vain to put away the *malaise* born of the preceding scenes.

The play, in this condition, had but a half success. It remained to the very end a matter of regret for Rostand, who, well aware of how he had passed just to the side of a masterpiece, never abandoned his idea of rewriting it and having it played again.

It was his misfortune not to have by his side a counselor of sure and elevated taste, who might have turned him away from his error. For even the great make mistakes.

Faults of taste appear also in *La Samaritaine*, but these are only faults of detail. It was hardly good form to make the gospels so worldly, not to mention Rostand's disastrous idea of turning the Lord's Prayer into verse. These criticisms once dealt with and put aside, I venture to say that *La Samaritaine* will remain the wonder of connoisseurs. It takes genius to distill three acts out of a short and simple

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passage from the gospel, and what acts they are, inspired by emotion and enthusiasm! I hold that *La Samaritaine* is one of the most extraordinary works of the French drama, and that if its form were purer and less corrupted by the spirit of decline, the play would have been one of our classics.

As for *Cyrano de Bergerac*, that is also, in its way, a staggering kind of masterpiece, yet, I repeat, whatever be its dramatic genius, it is not a masterpiece of the first water, but of the second. It is, if one will have it, the epic of the Cadets of Gascony, but there is better in France than the Cadets of Gascony; there is a higher kind of heroism; there are souls more thoughtful, and finer and deeper figures. Since a type of national heroism was to be exalted, it would have been wiser to have chosen this better type. The war has just shown us this very thing. There is a bit of fustian in those heroes of Rostand's.

I regret this drama for yet another reason. It lost us Rostand. It led him away forever from the noble highway upon which he had entered, following which he might have, with the aid of a little self-discipline, completely recreated our drama and led it to the summit which it occupied in the seventeenth century.

The proof of what I have advanced lies in the fact that after *Cyrano* began the decline of Rostand. He did very little else, if we except *L'Aiglon* of which I have said what good I can.

I know that he worked on a *Faust*, What could he hope to draw from such a subject, after Goethe?

He worked at least ten years on *Chantecler*, whose idea, he has told us, he took from Goethe's *Roman du Renard*. I recognize there the obsession of Goethe and of *Faust*. Rostand dreamed of making his *Chantecler* the poem of the immensity of Nature, as Goethe had made of *Faust* the unfinished poem of the moral and physical world. *Chantecler* was to be his *Faust*, his *Divine Comedy* into which everything entered, a satire of his own time as well as of eternity. He put too much into it. His mastery was submerged. Noah's Ark became a menagerie, the play collapsed amid intolerable boredom. Nevertheless, *Chantecler* remains a great idea born out of season, in which may be found some superb things.

After all we must render due justice to Rostand. To the end he cherished the ideal of beauty and the cult of the masterpiece. The small number of works he left behind proves this.

At thirty years of age he had already achieved the major part of his work. He was thus:

Le poète mort jeune à qui l'homme survit,

or perhaps it would be better to say not that the poet died, but that he entangled himself in a formula of art which was not his. He either did not dare or could not descend from his triumphal path to begin anew the difficult ascent which he had begun in his youth and from which success had separated him. But perhaps *Cyrano* and *L'Aiglon* had so changed him that he could no longer see poetry and the drama as he had seen them through a young man's eyes.

Rostand dies young, yet he had survived himself twenty years. He knew this, and would not make the fact seem an illusion. And this fact was without doubt the great sorrow and secret drama of his existence, apparently so brilliant and happy.

Poor, noble Rostand; *Poor Yorick!* Whatever one may think of it, whatever it may be, Rostand's work remains great. If posterity retains only two or three of his pieces, has it retained more of authors far more famous?

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THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS

BY MAXIM GORKI

A TRAVELER just back from Siberia has told me the following story:

I was seated on the platform of a station some hundred versts from Omsk, when I saw a bulky peasant with a pipe in his mouth coming towards me. He sat down by my side.

'Are you going far?' I asked.

'I am going to Omsk,' he answered gravely, 'to get some electric lights. They have installed electricity in our village, you know, the thing with wires.'

'Have you had it some time?'

'No, not for very long.'

I begged him then to tell me how the village folk came to introduce the new invention. And here, almost word for word, is the peasant's story:

'Since it was known that since September a new power, the power of the Soviets, had reigned at Omsk and that they were about to try Socialism, we of the village came together and decided to find out what was going on, and what these "Soviets," were that had been given to the people. We chose old Léon, a crafty old fellow, as our messenger, and said to him, "Take these thirty rubles, go to Omsk, and try to find out something about the Soviets and these Bolsheviki; be certain, moreover, to ask what "Socialism" is.

'At the end of two weeks Léon came back, and with him was a soldier. We met together, stood Léon on a table and said to him, "Speak out." And Léon began to tell his story. "Well," says he, "all's fine up there—as for the rest, the soldier can tell you about it better than I can." So we said to the soldier, "Just what art thou?" "I," he answered, "why I'm a Bolshevik, a communist, and I'll stay with you if you'll make me your commissioner." After having well thought the matter over, we said to him, "Stay." "I thank you deeply, comrades," said he. "Now let me look about, and get my bearings."

'At the end of a week we had organized a Soviet. And now old Léon, who certainly had well learned all that had been taught him, says, "Now that we have turned the corner and can call ourselves Bolsheviki, we must destroy and we must build." But what were we to destroy? We have nothing to destroy. So the soldier said, "Since we are communists, we ought to make requisitions. Where is your bourgeoisie?"

'We stand silent. You know we don't have any such thing among us.

'Again the soldier asks, "Where is your bourgeoisie?"

'"Your pardon; excuse us," we answer him, "we have n't got any."

'"Eh! You don't know yourselves. I'll find bourgeoisie for you. Let me talk to the people."

'So we gathered together sixty people for him, and the whole party went off to a place about forty versts from here. A day later they came back bringing with them a dozen nabobs and ten thousand rubles of the Tsar's paper. The soldier said, "There's your bourgeoisie!" We said to them, "Are you bourgeoisie?" "Yes, we are." "Well, put yourselves at ease; we are not going to ask you for ten thousand rubles apiece." "How much are you going to

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demand?" they asked. We drew apart from them and conferred. "Three thousand rubles," we answer. The bourgeoisie begin to yell. "That's too much; take two thousand." "What's that?" we say. "We are not looking for ten thousand; you ought to stop such bargaining!" So the bourgeoisie consent. "True enough," they say, "the devils might have asked ten thousand."

'They left a hostage with us and went away to get the money. At the end of twenty-four hours they sent us 42,000 rubles, making a total of 52,000.

'We assembled the Soviet with Léon as president.

'"Well," said he, "We have made requisitions. Now what are we going to do?"

'One said, "We must build a school"; another said, "Let's buy an automobile and take turns riding in it." We rejected all these propositions. Then the soldier came to our assistance.

'"In the towns," said he, "they have 'electricity,' and thanks to it, there are less fires. It is not difficult to have. You simply put a wheel in the water in such a way that it will turn. You join the wheel to a dynamo. You attach a wire, and then fix a lamp at the wire's end. The lamp begins to burn and there you are. Understand?" "How very simple," we answer.

'We send the soldier to Omsk to get the machine. Léon goes with him, carrying the money. You see the soldier after all was only a stranger, while Léon was a fellow villager. We waited a long time for their return. Finally they came back, carrying I know not what, and accompanied by four strangers. "Who are these people?" "These are mechanics who have come to install the machine."

'They lift the machine out of its case. We look at it. It is a funny kind of thing and quite impossible to understand. Nevertheless, we see that it is in good condition and worth its cost. The job goes ahead. The mechanics direct all the work. They build a great wheel and set it up in our river (for we have a rapid river in our part of the country), then they attach it by a belt of leather to the electric machine. And now the machine turns. It turns and snaps out sparks. It scares one. It is decided first of all to put the electricity in the priest's house. Léon had heard somewhere that the church was now divided from the State. We called the priest forth. "Get out of your house," cried Léon to the priest, and all of us echoed him. The chief mechanic stands by holding the wire in his hand. Then we put the priest out of his house, enter the dwelling, and the mechanic introduces the wire. Everyone makes a little speech, saying just what happens to come into his head.

'The mechanic then says, "Darken the windows." We do so. It becomes dark enough to make one shiver. No one says a word. All is quiet. All of a sudden comes a blinding light, the lamp at the end of the wire begins to burn!

'We say to him, "Could n't we all of us have a little lamp like that in our *izba?*" The mechanic answers, "It can be done." So they put lamps in all our houses. By and by the peasants of the neighboring villages come to us and ask if they, too, may not have a share.

'The soldier has warned us not to give light to those who are not communists. And so we say to all, "If you want light, declare yourself communists."

'Naturally, they all declared themselves Bolsheviki. It's as simple as can be. The priest has been chased away, and his house has been made into a reading room. And now the chief mechanic says, "We shall need a stronger wire, and for that we must have money." Our neighbors go look-

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ing for bourgeoisie and requisition 60,000 rubles. We build a school for children and ignorant adults and hire a good schoolmaster. Four lamps have been put in the school. One of us is charged with looking after them. He comes to school as if he came to learn something, and watches the lights to see if they are burning steadily. It's a good thing, and we are doing well with it. Everybody in the region round us is dreaming of the "cold light." It's handy, it's bright, and there is no danger of fire. There is only one thing about it that's bad and that is that you can't light your pipe at one of the lights!'

And there's the story. The Siberians declare that electric power was brought into the villages by coöperative societies long before the Bolsheviki were ever heard of. Whatever the truth may be, it is a fact that they now have electricity in the country and that we are going to be spared those terrific losses caused by the fires which every year destroy hundreds of our villages.

The Novoia Jizn

THE SIGN

Over the apple-trees with their red load
In world's-end orchards, over dark yew woods,
O'er fires of sunset glassed in wizard streams,
O'er mill and meadow of those farthest lands,
Over the reapers, over the sere sails
Of homing ships and every breaking wave,
Over the haven and the entrancèd town,
O'er hearths aflame with fir-trunks and fir-cones,
Over the children playing in the streets,
Over the harpers harping on the bridge,
O'er lovers in their dream and their desire,
There falls from the high heaven a subtle sense
Of presage and a deep expectant hush,
And the wise watchers know the time draws on
And that amid the snows of that same year
The earth will bear her longed-for perfect fruit.

The Nation *By R. L. G.*

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THE INDICTMENT OF THE RICH

We shall speak here of 'profits' in the widest sense of the word. We mean by it all incomes arising from economic activity which are not of the nature either of wages or salaries; and of such incomes we specially mean those which greatly exceed the average, and which place their recipients in the class commonly called 'the rich.' Ever since civilization began men have been numerous — some of them inspired by genuine philanthropic sympathy, some of them embittered by a personal sense of failure — who have denounced the rich, as though riches were necessarily a crime; and the substance of their accusations, however variously expressed, has always been substantially this, that every rich man must be a plunderer. Despite the fact that in the sacred books of the Jews wealth is often depicted as the special reward of righteousness, and Job is congratulated on getting his fortune back again, the cry, 'Woe to the rich,' was very familiar to the lips of the Hebrew prophets; and by many mediæval writers, though not by the greater schoolmen, the rich were constantly threatened, merely because they were rich, not so much with dispossession here, as with divine vengeance hereafter.

But it is in the modern world more especially that this indictment of the rich has assumed its most explicit and its most vindictive forms, and translated itself from the language of rhetoric into what claims to be that of social and economic science. This modern indictment of the rich is based on an interpretation of history and of economic production, which may be said to have originated with Marx. According to the Marxian doctrine private riches have at different epochs been acquired by means which proximately or superficially differ. In the ancient world they were acquired by the possession of slaves. In the mediæval world they were acquired by the possession of statutory rights which enabled the noble classes to extort for their own benefit a tribute of so much labor from their various feudal inferiors. In the modern world they are acquired by the possession of the means of production, or, in other words, of capital, which enable the possessors to take a part of the product from the actual producers by whom the means of production are used. But beneath the disguise of all superficial changes, the process by which riches are acquired remains essentially the same. All private riches, in short, are so many abstractions from an aggregate of goods or commodities which the abstracting parties have played no part in producing, and which would always be produced somehow, whether these parties had any existence or no.

This view of the matter has come to be so widely prevalent that many persons half-consciously adopted it who would shrink from its logical consequences. They indulge in contrasts between 'the masses who make things, and the predatory rich whose one occupation is to seize them.' Such language occurs everywhere in the literature of social reform; but the clearest expression of its meaning is perhaps to be found, not in any words or phrases, but in the frontispiece of an English book drawn by a well-known artist, Mr.

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Walter Crane, who has proclaimed himself an ardent believer in the full Socialist gospel. The picture in question represents a man like a decadent John the Baptist dressed up in workman's clothes, who is sleeping under a tree the sleep of complete exhaustion; and meanwhile a dragon or harpy, armed with horrible claws, has torn his waistcoat to pieces and is dragging the vitals out of him. The victim is labeled 'Labor,' the devouring harpy 'Capital.'

But whatever exception we may take to so naïve a presentation of the origin of private riches, it symbolizes a process which has in many cases actually taken place in the past, even though it may not be a true expression of what typically takes place to-day. The incomes of the typical rich in ancient Rome, for example, were largely abstractions from the products of forced slave labor. They were also, to a very large degree, when private fortunes in ancient Rome were at their maximum, abstractions from the wealth produced by the citizens of conquered provinces. Of Spain, after her conquests in South America, the same thing may be said. The incomes, such as they were, of the robber barons of Germany were abstractions from merchants and other wayfarers which admitted of no disguise. Most of the new great fortunes made in France under Louis XIV and his successor were made by farmers of the taxes, and were abstractions likewise from the products of other people. All such incomes as those to which we have just alluded are abstractions in the very practical sense that they were taken by one set of persons from wealth which was, and would anyhow have been, produced by another set, the latter being impoverished in proportion as the former was enriched, but the total output being absolutely unaffected.

But let us consider the new great fortunes which are typical of the present day. Nearly the whole of the large incomes which in countries such as our own and America as have come into being since the beginning of the nineteenth century have been made by men who have initiated new methods of manufacture and transport; and the difference between such large incomes and those to which we have just now alluded is at once indicated by the fact that the former are not increasing abstractions from a total which is relatively constant, but are abstractions (if we like to call them so) from a total which, relatively to the population, is itself increasing likewise. Thus in our own country at the beginning of the nineteenth century the profits derived from the thousand largest businesses did not exceed £6,000,000. A hundred years later the profits of the thousand largest businesses amounted to something like £180,000,000. Now, at the beginning of the nineteenth century the average income per head of the entire population of this country was barely as much as £20, the average income per head of those who were not rich being considerably less. Hence, if the profits of the modern rich were really in the nature of abstractions from a relatively constant total, the average income per head of those who were not rich would by this time be smaller still. It would have dwindled to something like £16. As a matter of fact, although, since the earlier of the dates in question, large incomes have been multiplied, and their average amount increased, the average income of the not-rich has meanwhile nearly trebled itself, having risen from something like £16 to something approaching £50.

It is obvious, therefore, that the incomes of the typically modern rich, distinctly traceable as they are, with few exceptions, to business enterprise of some sort, are not individual abstrac-

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tions from a relatively constant total; or, if the heads of business enterprise can be said to abstract them from the national output in any sense, they are merely abstracting a part of what they have themselves added to it. A great inventor and organizer, who makes a colossal fortune by providing, by offering, cheap motors to multitudes who otherwise could not possess themselves of any motors at all, is very different from a Baron of the Rhine who robbed travelers of horses which they possessed already, or the French Fermier General, who grew rich by abstracting from peasants' stockings something more than the taxes which he engaged to hand over to the King. To whatever extent the accumulation of personal riches may have been identifiable in the past with some process of plunder by the enriched persons of others, the process which results in personal enrichment to-day is of a precisely opposite kind. The typical rich man of to-day is not a sort of harpy, as represented in Mr. Crane's ludicrous picture, who snatches from the sleeping laborer the results of his long day's work. He is a man who shows the laborers how the products of their labor may be trebled, and who, taking from each but a fraction of the resulting increment, sends them home to their wives better rewarded than they ever had been before.

Such, let it be said again, was not always the case. Individual riches may for the most part have been the result of abstractions in the past. Indeed, we may say that enrichment, as the result of additions, is on the whole peculiar to the modern world; and with this latter fact is connected another so curious and paradoxical that it well merits attention. So long as individual riches were, at least in an economic sense, for the most part abstractions, they were, even if morally denounced, accepted and tolerated as inevitable. No scientific indictment was ever drawn up against them till their economic character began to be fundamentally altered, and instead of being abstractions from a limited common store, they became no more than a fraction of what the rich had themselves added to it. This same fact exhibits itself under a somewhat different aspect in connection with the formal doctrine that wealth is produced by manual labor only. So long as manual labor was really the main agent, and the intellect and knowledge of the brain worker pure and simple played so small a part in production as hardly to demand notice, this doctrine was never asserted with any such emphasis and precision as to make it the basic principle of a militant school of thought. In other words, it was, so long as it was true, neglected; and it only began to be thus asserted by the school of which Marx was the leader at the very time when it was ceasing to be true any longer, and brains were acquiring the primacy which had previously pertained to hands. A further case may be noted of oddly similar character. The famous crusade of Henry George against private property in land was based by him on the doctrine that, in every progressive country the rent value of crude land increases more rapidly than the increasing national income, and that thus if private landlords are left to retain their possessions, they are bound in time to appropriate nearly everything. In the early "eighties," after having preached this doctrine in America, George brought his gospel to England — the country in which his truth was, according to him, exhibited on the vastest scale. Year by year the owners of the soil of England were, he said, appropriating, in the form of what he called 'prairie rent,' a larger and larger fraction of the income of the English people. Now, it so happened that

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only a year or two before he began to vociferate this message on English platforms, a certain event had happened. The gross agricultural land rent of the country, which in the year 1879 had risen to £69,000,000, had in the year following exhibited an appreciable diminution. In the year of George's campaign the diminution was still continuing, and from that time never ceased till the total had sunk from 69,000,000 to 52,000,000 — a decrease of 26 per cent — and has never since then recovered itself.

With regard to the sagacity of modern revolutionary reformers, such curious facts as the above may suggest many conclusions, a consideration of which must be reserved for some future occasion.

The Outlook

PRESENT STATE OF FRENCH COAL MINES

THE industrial system of France is governed by its coal mines. In the main they lie close together, in the Pas-de-Calais, in the Bas-Boulonnais, and in the Department of the North — making before the war a rich and flourishing group of towns and villages, connected by a wonderful system of canals, railways, and stone-paved roads with the chief centres of consumption. Compared with the German coal fields, those of Northern France were small, yet so well were they organized that the mining companies of the Pas de Calais competed successfully with the mines of the Ruhr and the Sarre. In the twenty years before the war the production of the Pas-de-Calais had more than doubled; in 1911 it amounted to 19,500,000 and in 1912 to 21,000,000 tons, an increase of 7 per cent in a single year; and it supported a sturdy population of 94,000 workers, of whom 72,000 were miners and 22,000 worked above ground. The neighboring coal field of the North was smaller: in 1912 it produced 7,000,000 tons and employed 33,000 workers, of whom 24,000 were miners.

This industry had its centre at Lens, a considerable town of between 30,000 and 40,000 inhabitants — not grimy and ugly as our mining towns are apt to be in England, but pleasantly situated in its valley and handsomely built and famous for its gardens, in which the miners took a pride. It was known in Northern France as the garden city of the miners.

When the Germans invaded this region they either occupied or brought under fire the richest of these mines, and stopped at a blow the production of 20,000,000 tons a year, which is to say half the total coal production of France.

The directors and miners of the pits that remained in French hands worked like heroes, often under shell-fire, to make good the loss: the working day was lengthened from eight to nine hours; in the space of two years they increased their production by 50 per cent, and some of them even doubled their pre-war records.

As for the greater part of the coal fields, which remained in German hands, they have been systematically and deliberately destroyed.

The destruction — it is important to remember — was not only the destruction of the battlefield. It was also the destruction of the economic war waged by the Germans upon French industry.

I went through the coal fields from Bethune to Douai, and so much was plain even to my cursory inspection. For example, at one pithead all the main supports of the superstructure had been separately broken at the same height from the ground. It was quite evidently done not by shell-fire but by an expert wrecker. Outside the range

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of severe fire I saw pitheads where the boilers, pumps, lifts, caldrons, power houses, and engines were reduced to a mass of inextricable ruin and confusion.

The Germans have also been at pains to drown the mines, and to fill up the shafts. Near Lens they turned the little river Souchez into the pits; for part of its course the river has disappeared and flows through the shafts and galleries of the mines.

At Courrières, according to the French official report, all the superstructure, buildings, and machinery have been destroyed by deliberate explosions. And, again, the report says: 'Dans le groupe du Pas-de-Calais, à Lens, a Liévin, ils ont détruit sans aucune nécessité militaire toutes les installations extérieures, chevalements, ateliers, machines, que l'action de l'artillerie avait éparqués. Les chaudières sont crevées ou emportées, les cités ouvrières anéanties, les mines elles-mêmes sont entièrement noyées.'

And so also in the eastern part of the coal fields, the region between Valenciennes and Douai, which for four years was in German occupation. There, at all events, the destruction was not by the accident of battle. It is true that there has not yet been time to make a complete report on the subject, but so far as the examination has gone it shows that there, as elsewhere, the Germans did all in their power to destroy the industry. They could not take away the coal; but they could and did either take away or destroy the mechanism of the industry.

In the opinion of experts it will take two years before even the less damaged mines can begin to produce, and it will take five years to bring most of the pits into anything like working order. The work of sixty years has been destroyed in four — and cannot be restored without infinite labor and enormous expense.

Such is the state to which the Germans have reduced the French coal industry. They have done it deliberately as part of their economic war, so that German coal might have a market in France.

Consider the crime! The Germans deliberately destroyed the industry which gave to France its heat, and light, and power. They decreed that the hearths of a million homes should have no fire; they designed that factories should go idle for want of steam. It was within their purpose that a hundred thousand miners should be robbed of their living and that Northern France should for a period of years be without the coal which is the life of her industry.

Lens was once a happy and prosperous town. Now to go down into the valley of Lens is like a descent into hell. It is such destruction as none can imagine who has not seen it. In its outer fringes there are still the semblances of houses, roofless and shattered, but still recognizable as such. As you go down the hill chaos encroaches more and more upon order until at last not even walls remain nor the semblance even of streets — nothing, nothing at all, but broken rubble and splintered timber in a welter of confusion and ruin.

At the bottom of the hill there is a small open oval, clear of rubbish. It is what was the Grande Place of Lens, but it now looks like a piece of level ground at the bottom of a quarry. A piece of the wall of the Mairie — a massive, jagged tooth of masonry, fifteen feet or so in height — is the only recognizable thing in sight.

Here in this centre of ruin we came upon a group at once odd and tragic. It consisted of two horses and a cart, drawn up near a deep and narrow hole, like a shaft leading into a mine. A stout old French lady, all muffled up in

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woolen wraps, was kneeling beside the hole and taking various articles of wreckage out of the hands of some worker below. Sometimes a charred piece of furniture would be pushed up, sometimes an old illustrated magazine, and again the fragments of a handsome ormolu and alabaster clock. The lady I discovered to be the wife of a banker, whose bank had been on the Grande Place of Lens; the hole led down into what were the cellars of the bank, where she had left her papers and worldly gear; she and her daughter had come in the cart to recover what remained, and at the moment of our passing the daughter was down in the hole scraping out the miserable remnants of their household goods.

Not even the cellars of Lens are left to the people of Lens. Not even the shafts and galleries of their mines are left to the miners of the Pas-de-Calais.

The Morning Post

JAPANESE COMMERCE AND FINANCE

THOUGH the foreign trade of Japan has shown a decline during recent months, the country has been able to maintain a favorable balance of 158,214,000 yen on the total for the first nine months of the year, exports amounting in value to 1,384,547,000 yen, and imports equaling 1,226,333,000 yen. Decreases have been chiefly in exports of raw silk, tea, and copper, and imports of raw cotton, iron, and machinery. Owing to the high price of rice there is naturally a marked increase in imports of that staple, and also in Chilian saltpetre and petroleum, especially naphtha. In spite of Government efforts to the contrary, speculators are still cornering the food markets, particularly in flour, though some relief is had in imports of wheat from China. The enormous expansion of leather industries, under the impetus of demand for military supplies, has led to a greatly increased import of raw skins, mostly from Korea, China, and Formosa. Japan's output of chlorate of potash has increased to some 10,000 tons a year, which has lent further impetus to the match industry, production of the latter now amounting to over 53,000,000 gross annually. Exports of matches are on the increase. The demand for iron and steel in Japan does not cease with curtailment of supply, and the manufacture thereof is being pushed to the utmost limit of domestic capacity. The fact that the total value of imports of iron and steel from the United States during the first half of this year amounted in value to 201,450,000 yen, or 92,210,000 yen above the same period of last year, shows that Japan has been able to get considerable help from abroad in spite of embargoes. It must be remembered, however, that the increase was greater in cost than in quantity. During the past four years the demand for steel in Japan has more than doubled, and imports have actually increased by 50 per cent. The increase in self-supply, on the other hand, has been about 170 per cent. The quantity of steel produced in Japan last year was 529,000 tons, while 675,000 tons were imported. The annual consumption of steel in Japan is now over 1,200,000 tons, and the output for next year promises to meet this demand. Of course, the price of steel is unprecedented, cast steel now running at 1,200 yen a ton, as compared with 220 yen a ton before the war. Some of the steel works are paying dividends of 120 per cent, and most of them 50 per cent. Shipbuilding is, of course, also among the more prominent and prosperous industries developed by the war, due to orders from abroad. During the first half of the year Japanese yards launched 65

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steamers of over 1,000 tons each, and having an aggregate tonnage of 193,417. This is 74,079 tons more than in the same period last year. The figures for the present half of this year will probably reach a tonnage of 200,000, or 400,000 in round numbers for the year. If small boats are included, the annual production will total 500,000 tons, which is very remarkable when compared with the annual tonnage of 50,000 launched before the war. Cotton spinning and weaving still prospers abnormally, prices being double those ruling before the war; and the 2,000 power looms and 300 hand looms of the country are now turning out some 20,000,000 yards a year, going mostly to China, India, and the South Sea Islands. The promotion of new industrial and other companies goes on apace, investments totaling nearly 300,000,000 yen a month.

Financially Japan continues to prosper quite on a par with trade and industry. The national revenue for the present fiscal year is larger than in any previous year, totaling up to the end of August last 763,674,716 yen for ordinary revenue and 321,197,877 yen for extraordinary, or a total of 1,084,872,593 yen for the fiscal year ending in October, an increase of 353,943,121 yen over last year's revenue. Receipts from taxes amounted to 430,604,092 yen, an increase of 81,931,252 yen over last year. Among the more interesting items of extraordinary revenue is one of 12,733,444 yen from foreign investments and one of nearly 10,000,000 yen from marine insurance. As the rice forecast estimates a crop of some 265,000,000 bushels for the year, the year promises to open well for the masses.

Japan's gold holdings, also continue to grow, the total amount to the country's credit now being 1,402,000,000 yen, of which 455,000,000 yen is at home and 947,000,000 kept overseas, mostly in London and New York. Of this amount the Bank of Japan owns 740,000,000 yen and the Imperial Treasury 662,000,000 yen. While bullion at home showed a decrease of 1,000,000 yen during the last few weeks, the amount abroad showed an increase of 82,000,000 yen, due probably to the government's purchase of bullion from the Yokohama Specie Bank There is a steady outcry against the inflation of paper currency and consequent enhancement of prices. At the beginning of October the issue of the Bank of Japan notes reached 837,689,000 yen, while the gold reserve was 653,389,000 yen, the situation showing an excess of 64,300,000 yen above the untaxable limit of the note issue. At the same time last year the note issue stood at 644,580,000 yen. The amount of subsidiary paper money issued to facilitate small change in 10-sen, 20-sen, and 50-sen pieces now totals over 60,000,000 yen. But change is still so scarce that often railway stations and post offices cannot find change for a 50-sen piece or bill to enable the purchase of a ticket or a postage stamp.

The Economist

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TALK OF EUROPE

THE SOLDIER'S GAIN FROM WAR

FROM the *London Chronicle* comes this paragraph, in which a British soldier discusses his soul's debt to the war.

There comes the hour when the soldier sits down to reckon up what he has lost and gained through the war. Shattered health or a broken body may have to go down on one side of the account, with the years of neglect of the chosen occupation of life, and in many cases a definite, calculable loss of money. For a great number it has been in every way an expensive business to go out to fight for England, and the remembrance of what it has cost may bring a certain bitterness. But this is not all.

Taken from his home and made to move at the bidding of invisible authority, the soldier has been shown the glory which is England. At the end of his service he has seen more of the splendid places of our own land than he had seen in all the years of peace. In the other days it had been necessary for me to move about the country more freely than most people, yet it remained for war to take me and lead me to places more lovely and more to be desired than many that I had known.

Beyond our own shores many of us have been taken to see the beauty of lands that are very far off. We have learned the way of the sun across the desert, we have seen how Olympus stands in the sky, have come to the ancient peace of Valetta. We have pictures that will not fade and store of memories, so that the map of the world is no longer meaningless to us, but brings visions of remembered splendor.

Together with the pictures, war has given us a very great deal of knowledge. Much of it, of course, has no part in the occupations of peace. It is not going to help me very much in the future to understand the working of a Lewis gun, to be acquainted with the intestines of a Mills grenade, or to be able to fire with fair accuracy fifteen rounds a minute with a service rifle. But there are other things. . . . War has opened my eyes and taught me how to use them when looking at towns, at spaces of open land, or into the faces of men. It has taught me to read a map as easily as I can read this printed page; it has taught me how discipline is the affirmation and not the negation of freedom.

And there are gifts of war to the body, even though it may have damaged the body. There has come a power of enduring hardship without discomfort which no one will understand who has not learned how pleasantly a man may sleep on the bare ground or how easy it is to go for a day without a meal.

It may not be possible to balance the ledger, but each in his fashion decides whether he has lost or gained. And I for one have to write myself down among those to whom on the balance the war has been profitable.

A SPANIARD'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE GERMAN REVOLUTION

SENOR AZHEITUAS'S impressions of the German revolution, published in the *Imparcial*, are probably sufficiently near the truth to be of interest.

The revolution is being conducted in an orderly manner, and the fights between groups of officers and the Red Guard were merely insignificant skirmishes, that is to say, if the radical transformation of the country is taken into account. Order is maintained chiefly through the indifference of the public at large. People regard the red flags waving over public buildings as no concern of theirs, since, although the restoration of the Empire is not contemplated, no one believes in the permanence of the Social Republic. The organizers of the revolution know that, in order to find favor with the law-abiding public, they must

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prove that not only do they not intend to disturb the public peace, but that they will use every means in their power to maintain it. Hence the continual proclamations and speeches by the revolutionary leaders enjoining the maintenance of order. These proclamations clearly reveal the fear, that disorganization may bring the whole revolutionary fabric to the ground. The public indifference is the chief factor in the maintenance of the public services. The service of food supplies is the object of special zeal since, in view of the present shortage, a hitch would mean famine, and famine would mean the end of order.

The old Imperial organizations coöperate in the consolidation of the Social Republic since they consider it a crime to disturb the citizens, their women and children. Without the aid of the State officials of all ranks the Soldiers' and Workmen's Committees would be helpless. It is their love of order and of their neighbor which is the salvation of the German people in this fateful hour. The authorities appointed by the Empire desire to save the people further suffering after four years of war and privation. With their help the Social Republic can take permanent shape.

Until quite recently there was still a danger of conflict between the two Socialist groups, but the Soldiers' Council has imposed harmony. The Independent Socialists desired communism and the exclusion of the middle class, whereas the followers of Ebert were adverse to communism, and considered the assistance of the middle class essential to the building of the new State. The majority of the Independents have fallen into line and only the Spartacus group under Liebknecht remains outside the revolutionary organization. The Germans have confined themselves to imitation of the Russians; the Soldiers' and Workmen's Committees are a copy of the invention of Lenin and Trotzky, and all the literature published has already appeared in Russian. The German genius is adaptive rather than creative, and the men at the head of the movement show gifts of organization and of adaptation of theories and inventions from abroad, but a total absence of original ideas. The German revolution is an imitation of the Russian revolution, but without its violence, since the German character will not permit disorder.

THE MYSTERY OF LORD KITCHENER

THE relaxation of the British censorship regulations has called up again the mysterious matter of Lord Kitchener's death. One of the few survivors of the Hampshire has just printed the following account of the loss of the ship.

The loss of H.M.S. Hampshire, with Lord Kitchener and his staff on board, in June, 1916, has been one of the great mysteries of the war. Questions have been asked in Parliament and in the press, and a report was presented by the Naval Committee which investigated the disaster, but until, I think, now no detailed account of it has yet been published. The following narrative was given to me by a warrant officer who was saved from the wreck:

H.M.S. Hampshire, four days after the Jutland Battle, in which, my informant said, she sank a light cruiser and a submarine, took Lord Kitchener aboard on June 5, 1916, about five in the evening, and set out with eight hundred souls in the foulest weather known in that region. She had two escorting destroyers, which soon returned to port, as they were unable to face the storm. Everything aboard was lashed down, and only one hatchway was open. My informant was watch below.

At about eight o'clock a terrible explosion took place forward, and there was a scramble for the companion. A large number of the crew were young and new hands, and there was a good deal of hurry. How my informant got on deck he did not know. When he got there the officers were at their posts, but their orders could not be heard owing to the fury of the storm and the escape of the steam. All the lights went out at the moment of the explosion (of which there seemed to be two), and this added to the confusion. When he got on deck he and another hand proceeded to cut the lashing of the life-rafts on deck. There was no attempt to launch boats, which could never have lived in the sea that was running. The rafts were, however, launched, and the one on which my informant

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stood went over the side and turned upside down. He had hold and got into the righted raft, which he praised very highly. Most of the others also got in, about eighty in all.

There was no sign of Lord Kitchener, and he thought that he probably never got on deck. (This differs from a report at the time of Lord Kitchener having been seen on deck.) There was not five minutes between the explosions and the disappearance of the ship. He had tried and failed to open other hatchways, and he thinks that the crowd at the single one at which he emerged may have blocked many people from getting on deck.

The raft drifted before the gale for over five hours, when by an extraordinary chance they passed through a rocky entrance and were beached on an island whose name he had forgotten. By that time of the eighty on the raft many had been washed off, and of the rest all but four had died and had fallen into the net in the middle of the raft. On reaching shore my informant scrambled out, and found himself among the rocks. He scrambled up the rocks with great difficulty, tearing off his nails, and eventually with one other man got to the top about half past four in the morning. There he found a shed, and he spied a moving light. His companion went after it, and found a farmer going about in search of cattle. With the aid of some farm-folk the four survivors, who had been taken to the farm-house, were well looked after. In all there were twelve survivors, two on a second and six on a third raft, blown ashore two or three miles from his landing-place.

No officers were saved, a fact which incidentally, this warrant officer said, prevented their doings in the Jutland Battle from being reported and rewarded. There had been no time between that battle and the embarkation of Lord Kitchener for a proper report to be made.

He stayed only one day in bed after his exhausting experience, and then went down to the shore to see if other survivors were to be found. On the second day a navy doctor appeared, and ordered him to remain indoors. In four days he was sent to a hospital ship, and then went to Haslar. He had no real illness, but said he did not feel quite the same.

My informant utterly scoffed at the idea of Lord Kitchener being alive. He was quite sure that the Hampshire was not torpedoed, but mined.

MEMORIAL GARDENS

To the Editor of the Saturday Review:

Sir,— Though I heartily appreciate the work that has been done by the Imperial War Graves Commission in respect of the graves of those who have fallen, I am horrified by the proposal of the Commission to erect individual headstones of uniform size and shape.

The Commission, I think, echo the views of everyone when they claim that 'the graves of those who have died for their country shall be preserved inviolate through future ages,' that 'they shall be adorned with such monuments as shall most fittingly honor their memory,' and that 'no distinction shall be made between officers and men'; but surely those aims can be realized without creating cemeteries containing acres of small uniform headstones of similar size and shape.

The graves of thousands of our dead in France and Belgium are now marked by the simple crosses or other devices erected by comrades who fought with them. It is no doubt impossible to leave all these memorials and graves as they are, and they must, in thousands of cases, be moved, and, therefore, the actual spot where any loved son or husband fell cannot continue to be identified, cemeteries or burial places must be formed which will be permanent resting-places, but surely these should be places of beauty and not acres of identical headstones.

I have spoken with many mothers and wives while recently in France, and they all agree that it would be far better to give up the idea of individual headstones, which must, if there is to be no distinction of classes, and expenditure is to be limited, be uniform and dreary, and to provide that these burial places should be beautiful gardens, with the names and rank of all who fell suitably engraved on a central monument, or on suitable wall tablets.

Yours truly,

Marie Belloc Lowndes.

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CHANTECLER AND HENRI HERZ

THERE is a good deal printed about Rostand. From the *New Statesman* comes this little note on *Chantecler* and its press agent.

The crowing of *Chantecler* was engineered by the supreme theatrical advertiser of the earth, Henri Herz. Herz in those days was not a man but a miracle. He familiarly addressed all actresses, even the most distinguished, as 'ma belle creature.' (They loved it.) Herz saw that *Chantecler* offered the opportunity of his life. The difficulties were extreme, for the younger school had already discovered that Rostand had no genius, but the possibilities were huge. Herz elaborated the boom for quite two years, and reached his first climax with the arrival of Rostand and the Rostand family in Paris for the rehearsals. The Rostands 'descended' at the Hotel Majestic, just opened; and it was stated, whether truly or not I cannot say, that Herz not only arranged that no hotel bills should be presented, but exacted a daily payment to himself from the hotel. It is certain that people stayed at the hotel for the sole satisfaction of seeing Rostand. They saw him. *Chantecler*, if it did not fail, was not a success; and the career of Rostand ended.

JOHN MASEFIELD ON THE GREAT TREES OF CALIFORNIA

JOHN MASEFIELD has been lecturing in America and contributes some of his impressions to *Reveille*, the new review devoted to the disabled sailors and soldiers.

'I went afterwards to see those trees. They grow in a few, small, sheltered glens near San Francisco. They are not like trees, they are like spirits. The glens in which they grow are not like places, they are like haunts — haunts of centaurs or of the gods. The trees rise up with dignity, power, and majesty, as though they had been there forever. They are the oldest living things. Even the young ones were two or three thousand years old, and many of these grow from the visible ruins of others, which may have been saplings seven thousand years ago. Sometimes in cathedrals one feels the awe and the majesty of columns. These columns were more impressive than anything of stone; these columns were alive. They were more like gods than anything I have ever seen. They seemed to be thinking. One felt that presently they would march to wipe out everything mean or base or petty here on earth. The stars shone about their heads like chaplets.'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Gabriel Hanotaux, late Foreign Mininster of France and member of the Académie Française, is one of the most distinguished of the older French historians. Americans may remember his *La France Vivante dans L'Amerique du Nord.*

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Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, M. P. for Devonport, has held several offices of importance in the British Government, and has long been a careful student of Colonial questions.

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The London Nation, we again remind readers of THE LIVING AGE, is the mouthpiece of British advanced, radical-liberal thought.

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The work of **Stacy Aumonier** is too well known in America to require comment.

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Alfred Poizat is a distinguished litterateur and critic of the younger school.

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Maxim Gorki, whose short story we reprint from his own journal, has recently announced his conversion to Bolshevism.

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'Festival,' a diverting account of a Red Cross drive in India will appear in a future issue.

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'THEY HAVE COME INTO THEIR KINGDOM'

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

Time was we feared the Dead, alas!
In the incredible days long gone,
The patient dead beneath the grass,
Lying alone, dreaming alone.

But now the Dead have come alive,
Gayer and brighter than the Quick.
Laughing and radiant they arrive,
To lift the mortal world grown sick.

Time was we feared some churchyard thing
That passed when life was low and chill,
These are not ghosts, fleet as a wing,
With wonderful young eyes laughing still.

And now our shadows are made bright
For the belovèd faces gay,
These stars upon our blackest night,
With whom 't is always Day — and May.

Oh, we are in the night and cold,
And they are warm in the great sun,
Who slipped so soon our mortal hold,
So light, so quick the young feet run.

Now to the Kingdom of the Young
We reach out of the rain and dark,
Hearing far off the children's song,
Blithe as the lark, fresh as the lark.

The Spectator

SUPPLICATION

BY T. W. N. FORSTER

Give me the hills and a stout ash stick
And the turf beneath my feet,
And a leafy tree to rest beneath
In the height of the noontide heat.

Give me the road, the long gray road,
As it wanders o'er the hill,
Past the ivied church and the larch-wood copse
And the mumbling stone-tooth'd mill.

Give me the moors that stretch around
Like a gray and purple wreath,
And the toppling clouds, and the setting sun,
And the wind across the heath.

Give me the dew on the meadow grass
As it glints in the light of morn;
And the glassy tarn, and the gemmy pools
At the hour when the night is born.

Give me but these — and the winking stars —
When the long glad day is done,
Then give me a friend to share it all,
A friend — and only one!

The Poetry Review

A DIRGE OF VICTORY

BY CAPTAIN LORD DUNSANY

Lift not thy trumpet, Victory, to the sky,
Nor through battalions nor by batteries blow,
But over hollows full of old wire go,
Where, among dregs of war, the long-dead lie
With wasted iron that the guns passed by
When they went eastwards like a tide at flow;
There blow thy trumpet that the dead may know,
Who waited for thy coming, Victory.

It is not we that have deserved thy wreath.
They waited there among the towering weeds:
The deep mud burned under the thermite's breath,
And winter cracked the bones that no man heeds:
Hundreds of nights flamed by: the seasons passed.
And thou hast come to them at last, at last!

The London Times

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